The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

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OUTFIT 268
NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

White Fox Furs presented to Her Majesty Queen Mary on the occasion of the Coronation of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth, May, 1937

Furs

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SEPTEMBER 1937

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Autumn Portage

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar: single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

THE HBC PACKET

IT has been, in large and small affairs, an interesting summer: The *Nascopie* pushes into uncharted Arctic waters where steamships have never been before. . . . Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reincke of London spend three weeks in Winnipeg. . . . Lord Tweedsmuir visits the Arctic Coast. . . . R. E. Standfield takes over the Vancouver Store. . . . Norman Douglas becomes manager at Calgary. . . . Captain Victor Cazalet, M.C., M.P., of London, speaks to the Canadian Club, Winnipeg, on Spain and proceeds west to fly down the Mackenzie and back. . . . Everyone seemed to find a full share of good weather for holidays. . . . Wholesale Department's tea and coffee business hits a new stride. . . . Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets head for a new high in 1937. . . . Tourist figures tremendous in some spots, weak in others. . . . The pace is quickening, note H B C increased use of air travel. . . . Rumours (undenied) of Hollywood using H B C history in films for 1938. . . . Opening of new Historical Exhibit, Winnipeg, with record attendance.

From South America come reports of an address by Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the British Chamber of Commerce at Buenos Aires. The subject was "The Hudson's Bay Company in Canada" and the interest shown by both the English and Spanish newspapers in Canada and the Company must have been a matter of considerable gratification to the Governor. Bound as we all are to our daily jobs, it is good from time to time to be reminded of the prestige which the Company enjoys in world commerce. Prestige is a dangerous word; many corporations attempt to buy it with fabulous expenditures on institutional advertising. A few are born with prestige, some achieve it and a very few have it thrust upon them. This Company was probably born with some prestige, certainly it has achieved some and the likelihood of its having any tomorrow depends upon the men and women in the service today. *The Beaver*, it may have been observed, avoids the dispensing of lofty moral lessons and inspirational stimulants for those who serve the Company. But occasionally an incident occurs which makes this thing called good will, or prestige, startlingly real. The reception given to Mr. Cooper's speech in Buenos Aires is a sharp reminder of the power and associations of a great name.

One hundred and forty-three persons in the Company's service used air transportation during the past twelve months, piling up more than 200,000 miles of air travel. There would seem to be some significance in the fact that H B C air travel mileage has doubled each year for the past three years, but these are matters which we leave to people who study those things known as "trends." However, our own private bureau of statistics has produced the fact that Mr. P. A. Chester, the General Manager, has flown over 11,000 miles in sixty-four flying hours this year and that the second place is held, surprisingly enough, by Miss Hatch, millinery buyer of the Vancouver Store, whose descents upon the markets of the East have involved just under 11,000 miles by air. In the 5,000 or better class are two from the Canadian Committee Office and six from the Retail Stores Department. Here are the figures for the past twelve months:

	1936-37	1935-36	1934-35
Total employees flying	143	98	76
Total mileage flown	201,000	96,000	48,000
Total hours flown	1,550	880	620
Average miles per employee	1,377	980	626
Average speed M.P.H.	127	109	77

This is probably the right place to extend our regrets to those who have been receiving complimentary copies of *The Beaver* and who are now being advised that if they want *The Beaver* they must pay. It is very uncomfortable business, but necessary. Our thanks to those hundreds who took the bad news cheerfully and liked *The Beaver* enough to pay the required One Dollar per year.

The reader response (the thing which makes editors glow with vanity) to William Gibson's account of the Franklin tragedy in the last *Beaver* was quite astonishing. Apparently the greatest of all Arctic tragedies continues to be a subject of living interest to a very wide circle of people. It was necessary to make a special reprint of Mr. Gibson's article to meet the demand.

In an early number it is hoped to publish an article by Miss M. L. Kennedy which is in the nature of a further footnote to the library of Franklin literature. Miss Kennedy is a daughter of the late Captain William Kennedy who, on behalf of Lady Franklin, led one of the search expeditions.

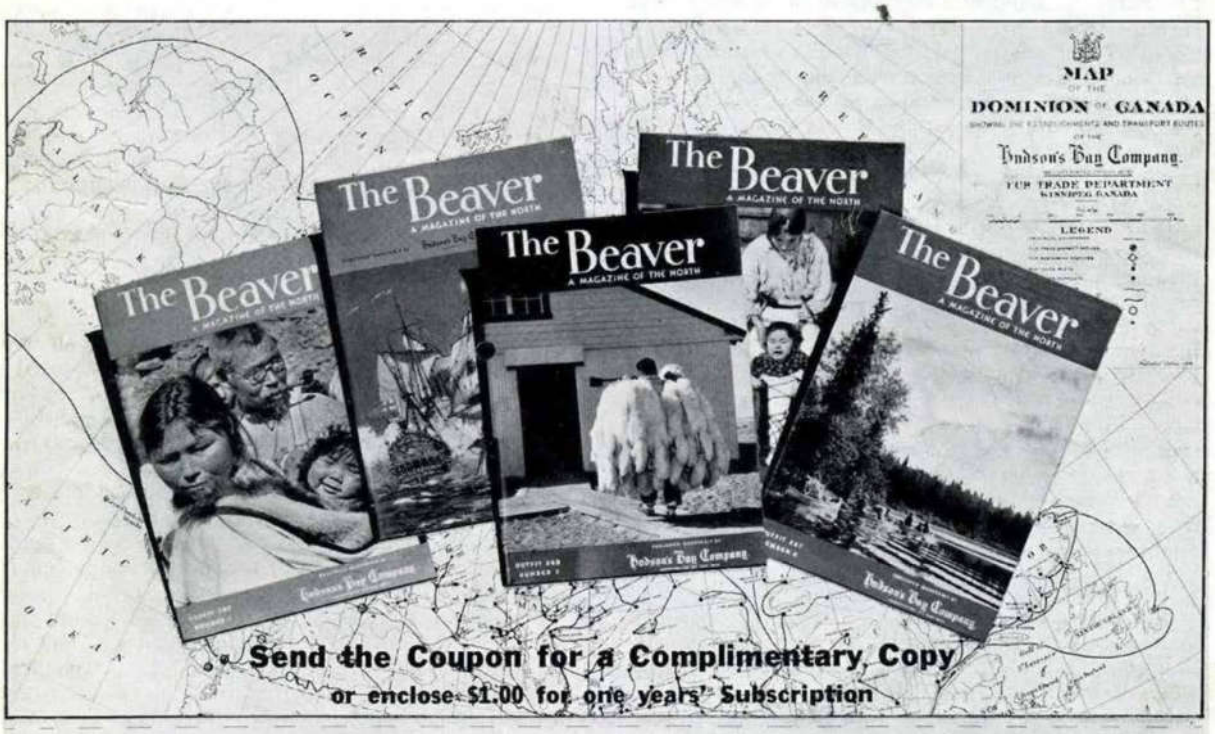
The regard of the Hudson's Bay Company for its own past is a long and entertaining story in itself. For generations it was quite indifferent; then during the later nineteenth century when people began to write novels about whiskered chief factors, it became somewhat self-conscious like the British army under the influence of Kipling. There was a subsequent period when apparently the Company was aware only of a present and some future, followed by a brief period when a dangerous tendency to exploit "The Adventures of England" aspect of things made land selling, retailing and wholesaling seem an almost absurd anachronism. Without undue praise for things as they are, it can be fairly said that a reasonably balanced attitude has been achieved toward a long and romantic past, a very lively present and a future which is not feared. In London the years of work on the Company's archives are about to bear fruit in a plan of publication which will interest every reader of Canadian history and every collector of Canadiana. In Canada the reorganization of the Company's relics and material of historical interest into a new Exhibit, well arranged and well lighted, in the Winnipeg Store, marks a new point in this long story.

Until *The Beaver* decides to open its pages to national advertisers—at good smart rates—we shall not have a "wanted" column, but in the interests of our subscribers we shall continue to list a few of their wants in the Packet. Mr. E. C. Kyte, Librarian of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, needs for his file a copy of *Beaver*, No. 2, Outfit 266, September 1935. No doubt some Queen's Alumnus will be glad to make this gift.

Professor Charles A. Kofoid, Department of Zoology, University of California, Berkeley, California, is anxious to complete his "Beaver" collection and is in the market for the following numbers: October and November 1920; January, March, May, June 1921; January, March, April, October 1922; December 1923; December 1925; December 1934; September 1935; September 1936.

Miss Eva F. Gray, Veterans Hospital, Castle Point, N.Y., collects "war covers" by which is meant censored envelopes used during the war. She has noted the war record of R.M.S. *Nascopie* and hopes to find someone who has censored "covers" from France or Russia.

The Beaver's contributors are once more as diversified a group as one could meet in any periodical in the world. From the Orkney Islands Storer Clouston has sent the third and final instalment of his series of articles on the relationship of that interesting corner of the world to the Company. From Reed College, Portland, Oregon, Miss Dorothy Johansen contributes some highly interesting material on Dr. William Fraser Tolmie. Wallace Kirkland of Chicago, who usually turns up in our office about this time of year looking particularly fit from a Northern Summer, gives us North of 53°. Incidentally, Mr. Kirkland with his pictures recently broke into *Life*. From Regina comes James McCook's story on Fort St. James, B.C. Mr. McCook brightened our lives with his Bow Fort yarn recently. He is now writing editorials for the Regina Star. Mr. Leveson-Gower, from Hudson's Bay House, London, gives us another of his articles which are so highly regarded by close students of Fur Trade history. Mr. Leveson-Gower's reputation for precision and accuracy among historians of the Fur Trade is so lofty that it must be an effort which only professional writers can appreciate to keep the standard up. W. J. Phillips R.C.A. gives our pages a lift with his pictures and his article on aboriginal art. Clifford P. Wilson of Montreal describes the reorganization of the Historical Exhibit in Winnipeg and as visitors have been registering at the rate of 4000 per month since June, we have reason to feel that it is a subject worth writing about. The big-game-with-bow-and-arrow story comes from Forrest Nagler of Toronto and if we did not have the photographs we would not have believed it. Toxophilite, we believe, is the word describing Mr. Nagler, but that is pure word-swank on our part. From the very far North we have the published letter of D. G. Sturrock of Gjoa Haven, King William Land. So, until Number 3, Outfit 268—(December to you)—vale!



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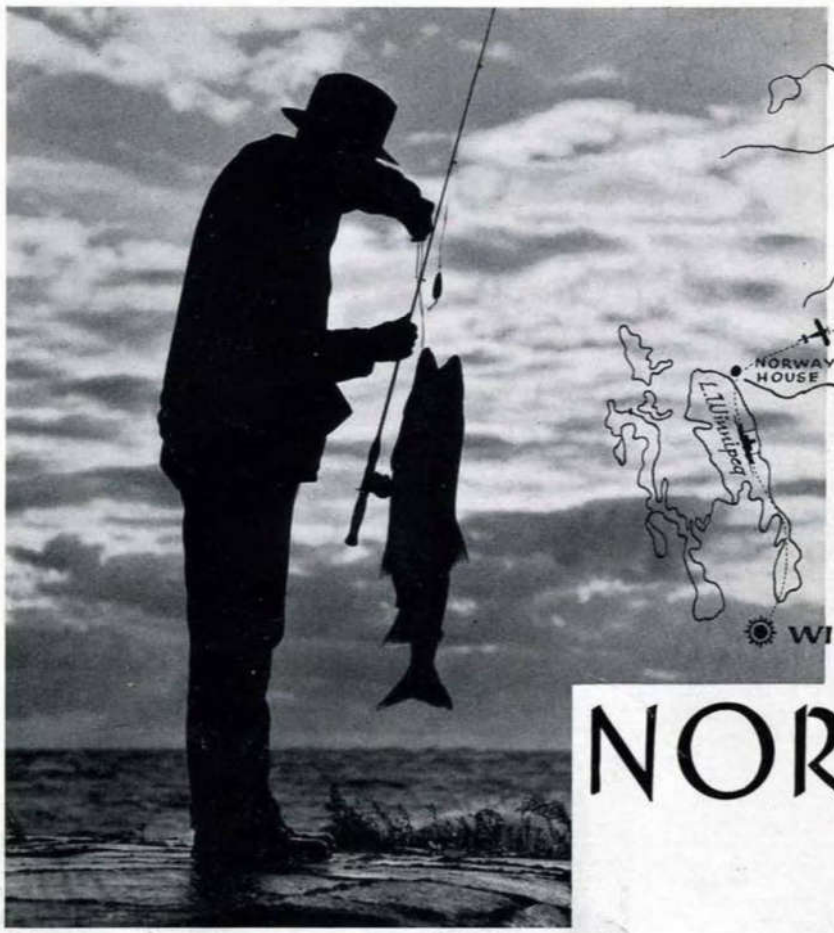
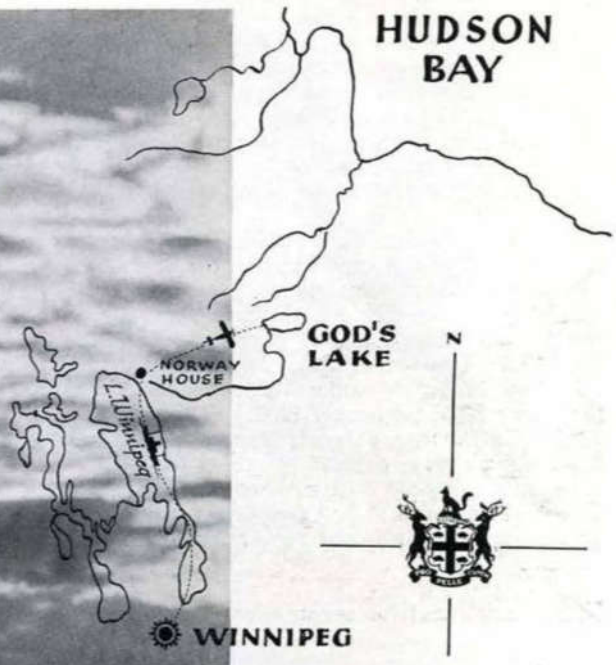




NORTH of 53°

THE story of a search for gold; a search by boat, by plane, by portage and canoe. A search not for metallic gold, the kind they use in barter. But for a more elusive gold; a living, fleeting, flashing gold; a gold that's found on fish. Not pike, not bass, not muskalonge, but trout. On bellies of the speckled trout; the monster, square-tail speckled trout; in God's River north of fifty-three.

Winnipeg, Monday morning, September 28.

Five of our group are here: a lawyer, banker, his son, an accountant, and myself, a man without profession, one who follows where his interests lead. Two more are due; were due last night. The boat which is to take us up to Norway House on the far end of Lake Winnipeg leaves at twelve. It is now eleven. At eleven-thirty the two arrive; their car a wreck; towed in for fifty miles. These two are college students. We check equipment; wool shirt, wool underwear, wool socks, wool pants, wool mackinaw, hunting boots with rubber bottoms. These are all here. But there are no sleeping bags. And no one travels north of fifty-three without a sleeping bag. We rush to an outfitter, purchase bags, and reach the dock at ten past twelve. The boat is waiting for us.

The boat is the *Keenora*, a patriarch of this country. Wood burner with two holds for freight and sleeping bunks for ninety. The summer trip to Norway House is an excursion. Then the *Keenora* is filled with people on vacation. Now frost is in the air and travel for fun is over. The passengers, mostly men, go north on serious business—traders, trappers, prospectors, miners, teachers, missionaries—and parties, such as ours, to look for fish.

The gang plank's in. The whistle blows. We back into the waters of the Red River. The river is narrow here and winding; the channel marked with buoys. The banks are high, and lined at first with homes. And now with farms; and these become more scattered. We pass through locks, and then by old Fort Garry, the original settlement in this historic valley. Farms disappear; the country flattens out; is marshy. Great flocks of cormorants and ducks fly up. The sun sets as we reach the lake. The buoys are left behind; steering is now by compass. The low pressure engines make little vibration; their speed about ten miles an hour. There is no wind, and sparks rising from the funnel float brightly across the dark water.

Tuesday.

Smoke from a hundred fires in brush and muskeg make visibility poor. We sail into a sheltered cove and find a dock piled high with cordwood. All hands, except the cook, pitch in and help load wood. We put on seven cords. The man who cuts the wood lives here. This, with some trapping, makes his living. His team of dogs are "housed" in bushes near the shore. They give a constant chorus in the choked-off huskie howl. Each one is tied on a short chain, and far enough from the others to prevent them fighting. In summer when they are not working they would kill each other if turned

By WALLACE KIRKLAND

A fishing party set out by boat, plane and canoe to God's River in pursuit of the elusive square-tail speckled trout.

Left: The "Keenora" loading wood at Jackfish Bay.

Below: "Behind a cabin is a litter of new pups. There are seven and each one is an asset."

loose. We go to photograph them and are met by growls. And while focussing the camera are painfully reminded, by the stinging of the black flies, that we are once again in the north country.

Lake Winnipeg, with smoke hiding the distant shores, seems limitless; an ocean on a foggy day, and out of sight of land.

We next stop at a fishing village, a tiny group of ill-constructed shacks. Here two of our passengers leave us. One, a timber cruiser, going to survey this section. Along the shores we see no trees that are big enough for lumber; no white pine, norway, nor large spruce. There is small spruce for pulp, and tamarack and jack pine for fuel. The other passenger is a teacher, a girl. Here she will wait for days and then be taken in an open boat to her school site, some thirty miles on up this side of the lake. Her father is a trader.

There are dogs at this place too; not terriers, nor Pekinese, nor others of the pet variety. But larger dogs with shaggy coats, and bodies that can haul big loads on sledges and toboggans. Behind a cabin is a litter of new pups. There are seven, and each one is an asset. None of these dogs is doomed to die by drowning, nor to be turned loose to starve from door to door. They will be raised and trained to live on fish and work.

The sun is setting as we enter Berens River on the east shore of the lake and half way up. The passage in is difficult. We twist and turn and follow markers, and at times the ship is just a few feet from a rocky island. Many of these islands have fishing camps; groups of blue-grey weather beaten buildings, with docks of poles, and rows of winding racks for drying nets.

One of the passengers carries a pair of field glasses hung by a leather strap around his neck.

Passengers leaving "Chickama" at Norway House.

He audibly identifies each of the different gulls which circle overhead. He tells us he is a stationer in Winnipeg, and has been made vice-president of a newly formed gold mining company. He is on his way now to inspect the field. We are surprised to learn that this mine is on the *Ichimamish*, that winding, swampy river north of Norway House and near the height of land, and on the very spot on which we camped two years ago. Little did we know then, as we "boiled the kettle" and fought through swarms of gnats and flies, that in the rocks directly underneath us lay, perhaps, a fortune in pure gold. But that's this country north of fifty-three.

There is a prospector on the boat returning to the country east of God's Lake. He is a professional, working for one of the large mining companies. He had been in last year and struck some likely stuff, and now he is going in again; by boat to Norway House, and then by chartered plane two hundred miles to eastward. He is well dressed; clean shaven; well equipped; a mining engineer. He's quite a contrast from an old prospector friend of ours, one we had known in Arizona. This one was poor and ragged, ill equipped, and for the most part of his life with pick and shovel and gold-washing pan had followed where his burro led him.

Berens River is important on the lake. It is the entrance to a great fur trapping country stretching east to Hudson Bay. Here is a post of the Hudson's Bay Company and as our boat approaches, the red and white flag with the H B C is run aloft in welcome. An aeroplane of the Forestry Department is moored in a bay, and right beside it a commercial plane belonging to Wings Limited. Beyond them on the shore a cache of gasolene (two hundred barrels) assures them of much winter flying. The dock is swarming now with people. They are mostly Indians; Crees. Among the crowd we see the black robes of a Catholic priest, and near that the Stetson and red coat of a "Mountie."

There is a lot of freight on board to be unloaded, freight to be packed inland by canoe from here. The boat is due to sail when this is done, but there's too much smoke for us to get through the narrows. So once again we all load wood. A line is formed and four-foot lengths of tamarack and jack pine are passed along the docks. We keep it up till nine o'clock and put on fourteen cords. The moon comes up, but can hardly be seen. Not light enough to get us through the narrows, and so the boat is moored to wait for day.

Someone reports a dance down at the inn, a mile along the shore. We find the place, but girls are scarce; the ratio is six to one.

Wednesday.

At daylight we wind out among the rocks and once again start north. The lake is calm; the smoke has settled down; and navigation now is difficult. Our point of aim is where the Nelson River flows out of the north end of the lake. Because of rocks and reefs this channel has been buoyed for ten miles out. These buoys do not have lights, and on a smoky afternoon are difficult to find. The boat now starts to cruise in circles and soundings with the lead are made. The first buoy is located off the starboard bow. A row of them loom up ahead, and these are followed to the dock at Warren's Landing, where the river leaves the lake. Norway House is twenty miles on down, but the Nelson River here is much too shallow for the *Keenora*, so we are to spend the night here and tomorrow transfer to a smaller boat.

Thursday.

The smaller boat is the *Chickama*, and on this first trip carries only the passengers and their personal belongings. The freight meanwhile is being loaded on a barge to be hauled down tomorrow. The weather has turned colder; the feel of snow is in the air. We stop to put another teacher off; a man this time. It is his first

Planes loading at God's Lake. The Junkers in the left foreground has just been loaded with furniture for Sachigo.

Loading the canoes. The empty beer bottles are on the beach in front of the hotel at God's Lake.

trip up this far. There's no one on the dock to greet him. In the background is the school, and on the shore beside it many Indian children sit. They watch with eager eyes the new arrival; their teacher for the winter. They are anxious, no doubt, to learn if he be harsh and strict; or kind and lenient.

A few miles farther down we stop again. Here is a Catholic church and school; and here two nuns are put ashore. Little Grey Sisters of the North, they are called; named for the colour of their vestments. They are consecrated to work among the northern Indians.

Our group gets off at Playgreen Inn, near Norway House, and here our plane is waiting. It is a Fairchild with pontoons, carrying a ton of freight, and with a cruising radius of five hundred miles. Our packs, bed rolls and duffel bags are loaded first, then three of us get in. The other four await a second trip. There are no seats except those on the packs. We taxi out into the Nelson River, speed up, and easily take off. The pilot circles 'round, and down below we see the buildings of the Hudson's Bay post at Norway House. This post is very old and at one time was the most important in this country. Long before the railroads entered Canada it was the point from which all goods went west. To it was brought supplies from Hudson's Bay. They came by sailboat from the Old World to York Factory, and then by York boats up the long trip of the Hayes and Nelson Rivers. One of these York boats still lies at Norway House; a giant thing. It was once manned by a crew of eight and carried four tons.

The plane now heads straight east above a mosaic of green, and grey and blue. The green, the muskegs and square miles of spruce; the grey, the outcrops of pre-Cambrian rocks; the blue, the water of a thousand lakes. some long, some round, some meeting, others far apart.

We strain our eyes and try to find just where we are. But we are southward of the country portaged and paddled through two years ago. Sitting at ease and gliding, feeling motionless, it seems incredible that the beauty stretched below us could be that awful stuff which we had laboured through; those muskegs with their slime and insect pests, those portages where tumplines cut and gunwhales of canoes dug into shoulders; those rapids where our hearts skipped beats; those lakes where constant headwinds blew. It seems incredible; but it is true. In front of us we see the outline of God's Lake. We have been flying just one hour and a half. The distance covered, one hundred and fifty miles. On the last trip, the one in by canoe two years ago, we took ten days; ten days of torturing work.

The motor of the plane slows down; the pressure in our ears makes itself felt. Below, the trees are coming up to meet us. We barely skim their tops and seem to gather speed. Some smoke-stacks and mine shafts flash by the window. The pontoons hit the lake; there is an easy, cushioned, bouncing feel. We taxi slowly in to land at the dock of God's Lake Gold Mining Company.

Carl Sherman meets us here. He is a product of the North; a trapper and prospector. Two years ago he took us through the rapids of God's River. Now he has two Indians for our guides, and four canoes, and food enough to last us all two weeks.

The plane returns to Norway House and we inspect the mine. The place is now a town, housing three hundred men and a score or more of wives. Two years ago it had just started. To date a million dollars have been spent; and forty thousand dollars worth of gold is dug each month. The mine is operated by electricity; a power plant constructed on a river thirty miles away. All this material for the building of the mine and town

has come by plane, by tractor in the winter time, and in canoes and over portages upon the backs of men.

Another gold strike has been made one hundred miles still farther east. This is at Sachigo, so Sherman tells us. And now another mine is being built in this great wilderness; another stream of men, food and material starts moving in; another source from which to dig for gold is opened up.

A Junkers plane is loading at the other dock; a wagon piled with furniture; and women grouped around. Into the body of the plane the stuff is stored; stoves, pots and pans, chairs, bedding, chests of drawers. A dog is last put in. He's tied so he can look out of the window. A bed spring for a double bed is much too wide to go in through the door. They strap it firmly to the plane's pontoons. The pilot climbs aboard. The motor starts. Then up beside him climbs a woman small of stature. She is off to keep house for her husband, who builds mines. He built this one. She came in with him and was the only woman here. A tent at first, and then a cabin. Later on a house, well heated like the ones around us. And now she pioneers again; going into Sachigo the only woman there. These are her things they've loaded in the plane. Today is moving day for her.

Friday.

We spent last night at the hotel, a low one-story building made of logs. Now we are starting off to reach God's River by canoe, some fifteen miles away. The wind is up, and waves, though in a sheltered bay, make loading difficult. Beside the hotel dock they wash against a thousand empty beer bottles lying on the shore; mute evidence that freight rates by plane are much too high to think of sending bottles back.

The mine is on Elk Island, ten miles long, and almost in the center of God's Lake. There is an open stretch of water north of us, between us and the river. It's only nine miles wide, but has a sweep from east to west of nearly twenty-five. Our four canoes are freighters, each one capable of carrying a ton. They are strung out in single file, and with an ancient outboard motor loaned by Sherman we start out.

With Sherman and the Indians our party now is ten. The waves are much to high to go direct, so making a short portage across the island we work along the shelter of the other side. The wind dies down before we reach the end and gives us a chance to cross the open stretch. Now we are in the shelter of a group of islands behind which hides God's River.

Without apparent cause the boats gain speed. We round a point and straight ahead we see white water. The towing ropes are disconnected and each canoe is rowed and paddled to the shore. We make camp on a point around which roars the first rapids of this great river; starting here and going on down to Hudson Bay.

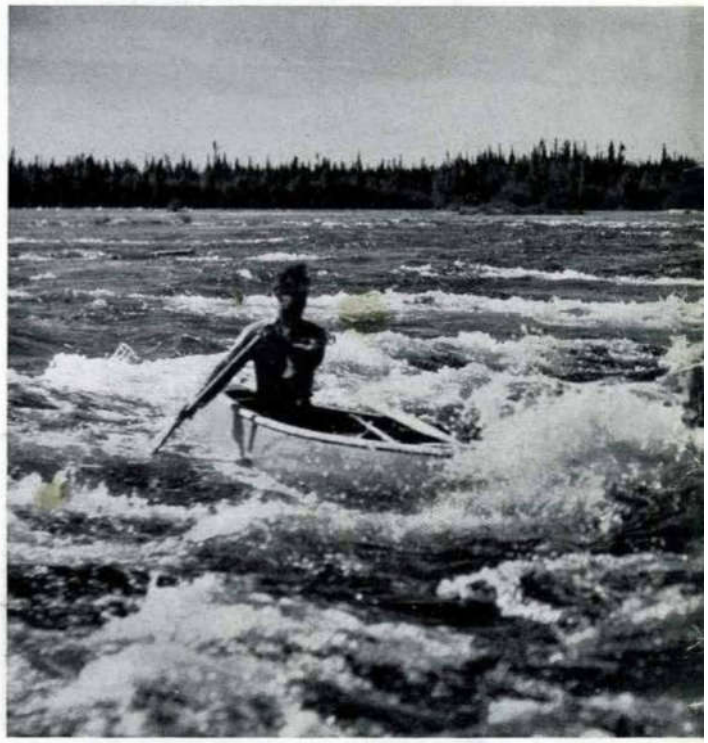
These rapids are the Manitou, and where they foam around the bend there is a rhythmic rise and fall as though some mighty creature lying on his back below the surface were breathing out and in. There is a legend of a sleeping spirit lying there, who, if awakened, spouts out water and upsets canoes. The Indians are afraid of him, and when they shoot the rapids do so without talking and escape unharmed.

This is a fishing trip; a search for golden bellied trout; and this point marks the limit of their range. Rods are unpacked; silk lines strung through steel guides. The first cast hooks a squaretail. A battle follows and he's landed flopping in the grass. His brightly mottled sides and golden belly cause much excitement. Cameras, and scales, and measuring rods are used. He weighs four pounds and one quarter, and measures slightly over twenty inches.

This catch is stimulus for further fishing, and while the Indians put up the tents and build bough beds, a thousand other casts are made; but, no more squaretails. A lake trout, walleyed pike and numerous jackfish take the lures, but speckled trout are wary, or not here. There're no mosquitoes either, but a million million black-flies. These surround our heads in buzzing swarms, crawl up our sleeves and into eyes and ears. They should have gone away with summer, but, Sherman says, they will be here till snow.

Saturday.

Soon after breakfast we break camp, and leaving the outboard motor here start down the river. The water is smooth, and when we are in the middle of the river it seems as though we are barely moving. But looking down we see the rocks along the bottom slipping by and realize our speed. Two miles of this, and then around a bend we see spray shooting high; another rapid. There is a portage here; a walking portage. The passengers get out and walk, the Indians and Sherman run the loaded canoes through the rough water. This is a likely place for trout and we decide to camp here for the day and fish. Again the tents are pitched, and bough beds made; again rods are unpacked and coloured flies and various lures sing through the air en route to capture fish.

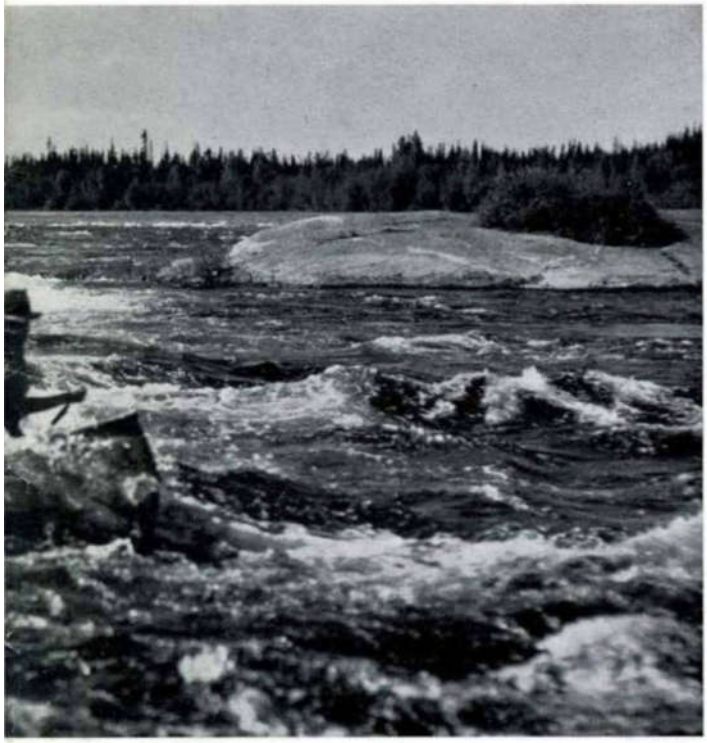


Shooting the second rapids on God's River.

But getting trout at this time of the year is work. When we were here two years ago in June the fishing

was superb. Then fifteen minutes would suffice to catch the fish we needed for our food. On that trip fishing was secondary; a means for getting food. Then we were anxious for the run down river to the Bay. Now food was secondary; and fishing first. Perhaps the trout are wise to this and now don't want to bite just to be made sport of. Perhaps they'd sacrifice themselves to give a meal; but just to strike to make a fine rod bend, to raise the blood beat of a fisherman, no! They struck, but not to strike. The trout are here. We see them in the pools below the rapids, and in the eddies underneath the banks. We've got a few of them, perhaps a dozen for the day's full fishing. The ones we catch have no food in their stomachs. The males have milt; the females, eggs. We figure they are spawning and at such a time no lure is tempting.

Perhaps if we could scoop gold out of every stream like so much gravel we would not cherish it. This thing is true of trout. We catch "jacks" by the score.



Here is where most of the fishing was done.

But they are common; snakes, great northern pike. They are thrown back like so much weed; each with a curse upon its head. But trout, each one we catch is an event. And so the hard to get becomes the prized.

Sunday, and all the week.

The days that followed those first on the river were much the same. The camping in a likely spot; the search for trout; the breaking camp; the shooting of the rapids. The weather was ideal; cold frosty nights; clear brilliant days; and always gorgeous sunsets. The going down was easy; we went perhaps for sixty miles. Then came the work uphill. Each day of ease going down meant two days' labour coming back. The use of poles and ropes up through the swiftest water. Now we are in the first camp again, the one by the Manitou rapids. It is Sunday, and Sherman thinks a good time to repair his engine.

Two years before one of the rods had burned its bearing. This had happened on a trip far inland, hundreds of miles by plane from a "parts" store. So Sherman had removed the damaged rod, and with the bottom of an old tomato can sealed up the cylinder. For two years this one-lunged motor has been going. Not once in all that time has it refused to work. He got a new connecting rod, and now decides to put it in. It's almost dark. He's worked all day. The motor is assembled. He now begins to crank. He cranks a while, then rests; cranks more, without success. The engine that has run so long on one, now fails to start on two. He is cranking when we go to bed; but still no sign of life.

Tomorrow we are due to cross the lake.

Monday.

Sherman was up at dawn and cranking strong when we came out for breakfast. The weather has been perfect up to now. Today it's raining. Not great big drops; but little rain; almost a mist. There is a heavy fog; no wind. A perfect day to start across the lake. Were we to row and paddle it would take four hours. But Sherman's sure the motor soon will start, and so we wait. An Indian and I go out to shoot some ducks. We are gone an hour; shot five ducks. And now above the roar of rapids hear the staccato reports of the running motor. We hurry back and find a smile of triumph on Sherman's face.

"Men in the North never give up," he tells us.

We wait for lunch before starting out. The tents are down. We eat it in the rain, which now is more than mist. The boats are rowed and paddled till we reach still water, and in behind a sheltered rock we tie them once again in single file. We bundle up, and settle down, ready for the long wet haul across the lake. Sherman turns on the gas; sets needle valve at the accustomed place; winds on the starting rope; and pulls. There's no resulting sputter. Again he winds the rope; again he pulls; again the motor fails to start. This is repeated many times; and still no start. An hour passes; then another. The rain is coming down in torrents now. We all get out and walk along the shore to stretch our legs. Still Sherman cranks. Still more he cranks. And still the motor fails to start. It's too late now to row across and reach the mine by dark. Once more he pulls the rope; this time there is a sputter; a tiny sign of life. Three more hard pulls; and now it starts in earnest. His lone canoe shoots out ahead. The others have been disconnected. He is afraid to stop the motor lest it fail to start. So, circling 'round and 'round he catches each canoe and ties it fast. Now, out in single file we start across the lake. Once more we hope to reach the mine tonight.

We go for half an hour without a single miss; and now we reach the start of the wide stretch. It's almost dark and we can just make out the contour of the other side. We pass the last protecting island as a gust of wind sweeps from the west. It's quickly followed by another one; and with a third come waves. As though affected by the change of weather the motor starts to cough. It chokes and hesitates; then coughs again. The waves are getting high; it's five miles to the other shore. It would be suicide to try it with a balky motor. So Sherman turns around and heads back for the island. We barely make it when the motor stops. It

seems to feel its day's work too is done. There is a heavy growth of spruce upon the island and in the centre of this we make our camp. We really burn a campsite out; defy the dripping elements with fire; one big and hot enough to keep us dry. Supper is cooked and eaten, and the wind increases. Now it really blows. Breakers are pounding in along the rocks. Had we been caught out in the middle, with even a proper motor, we would have had small chance.

Tuesday.

All night it blew, but in the shelter of the spruce we felt quite safe. There is no let-up now; it's blowing yet; and we are here to stay. We've lots of food, and quite a bit of time. We are due back at the mine tomorrow night to meet the plane. All settle down to spend the day, and Sherman starts work on his motor. He pulls the thing apart and the reason for its failure is apparent. The new connecting rod which he put in yesterday was not made for this model. It hasn't quite enough off-set, and in the running has battered a part of the cylinder away. And so he takes the piston out and puts the motor back the way it was before; a piece of tin to cover up the useless cylinder. He rigs a rack between two trees and clamps it there, and then begins to crank. But now it's had its taste of two and will not run on one.

We have no cards, but some are made from pasteboard of an egg crate. It's just like shuffling children's blocks to use them. Checkers are made from willow poles; the blacks have bark left on; the whites are peeled. A board is drawn on a cracker box with charcoal.

The hours pass; the wind increases; the waves pile high and trees are bending double. It gives no hope of dying down tonight.

Wednesday.

It's blowing still. It seemed last night as though it couldn't blow much harder. But it is doing it. The waves are twice as high; the trees still bending over; and Sherman cranks his motor. It hasn't started yet. And now once more he pulls the thing apart. The cool persistence of that man is most amazing. He doesn't swear; he doesn't get excited. Just cranks and cranks; then takes the thing apart.

One of the party, tired of wooden cards and checkers, tries casting in the water of the bay. We hear a yell and all run down, and there we find him trying hard to land a fish. A big one from the way his rod is bending. He gets it near the shore, then we jump in waist-deep and help him land it. A lake trout weighing fifteen pounds, and captured on light tackle.

Checkers and cards now lose their lure and all of us start fishing. A dozen trout are caught; some big, but none quite equal to the first one. We also try the windy side and cast into the breakers. And here again we find the fish. The storm seems to have brought them to the surface.

As night comes on—the third one on the island—we think the wind will stop. But it does not. Instead it blows the harder. We are reminded of the wind Paul Bunyan told about. This wind of his first blew from north; then south; then east; then west. Then, after it had "boxed the compass" blowing, it just stood still and blew.

Thursday.

After a constant spell of sound, silence is almost audible. We are awakened by the stopping of the wind. It's not yet daylight, but all of us are up. The Indians hear the silence too and make a hurried fire. The tents

"We are gone an hour; shot five ducks."

are struck; the sleeping bags rolled up; clothes, cameras and fishing gear are stuffed in packsacks. The motor still has failed to start, and we decide to paddle. We finish breakfast as the sun comes up. The wind comes with it. It rises with the sun, and blows again. We settle down to wait.

Sherman has another idea about the motor. He got it in the night; perhaps a dream. He is sure he knows now what the trouble is. So once again he pulls it down and puts it back; and once again he cranks. It doesn't go. It must have been a dream.

It's noon. The wind has had a change of heart. It's not nearly as constant as it has been. It blows a while; then stops. Then blows again. We think it's getting tired.

The thought that waves have kept the planes from flying helps a lot. This is the reason they have not been out to find us.

It's four o'clock. The wind dies down, and we prepare to start. Masts of lodge-pole spruce are cut, and sails from tarps and tent floors rigged for each canoe. The Indians do this work; we load the duffel. Sherman still cranks his motor, hoping.

It's five o'clock. We get away. There's just a little wind; no whitecaps. Now we are looking backwards from the middle of the lake, and thumbing noses at our wind-bound island.

We get across, and just in time. The wind starts up again and we run for the shelter of Elk Island, and travel down the other side. Because of this we cannot reach the mine tonight.

Friday.

We camped last night upon the portage, two hours after dark. The Indians pitched their tent. We made our beds in an old shack used by prospectors. The night was black; the old shack seemed secure. We didn't know until it rained that the tar paper had been stripped off from the roof, and that there was nothing overhead but loosely fitted poles. That's why the Indians pitched their tent. They knew.

It's seven o'clock. We are now among the islands almost at the mine. A plane takes off and soon roars overhead, going straight towards God's River.

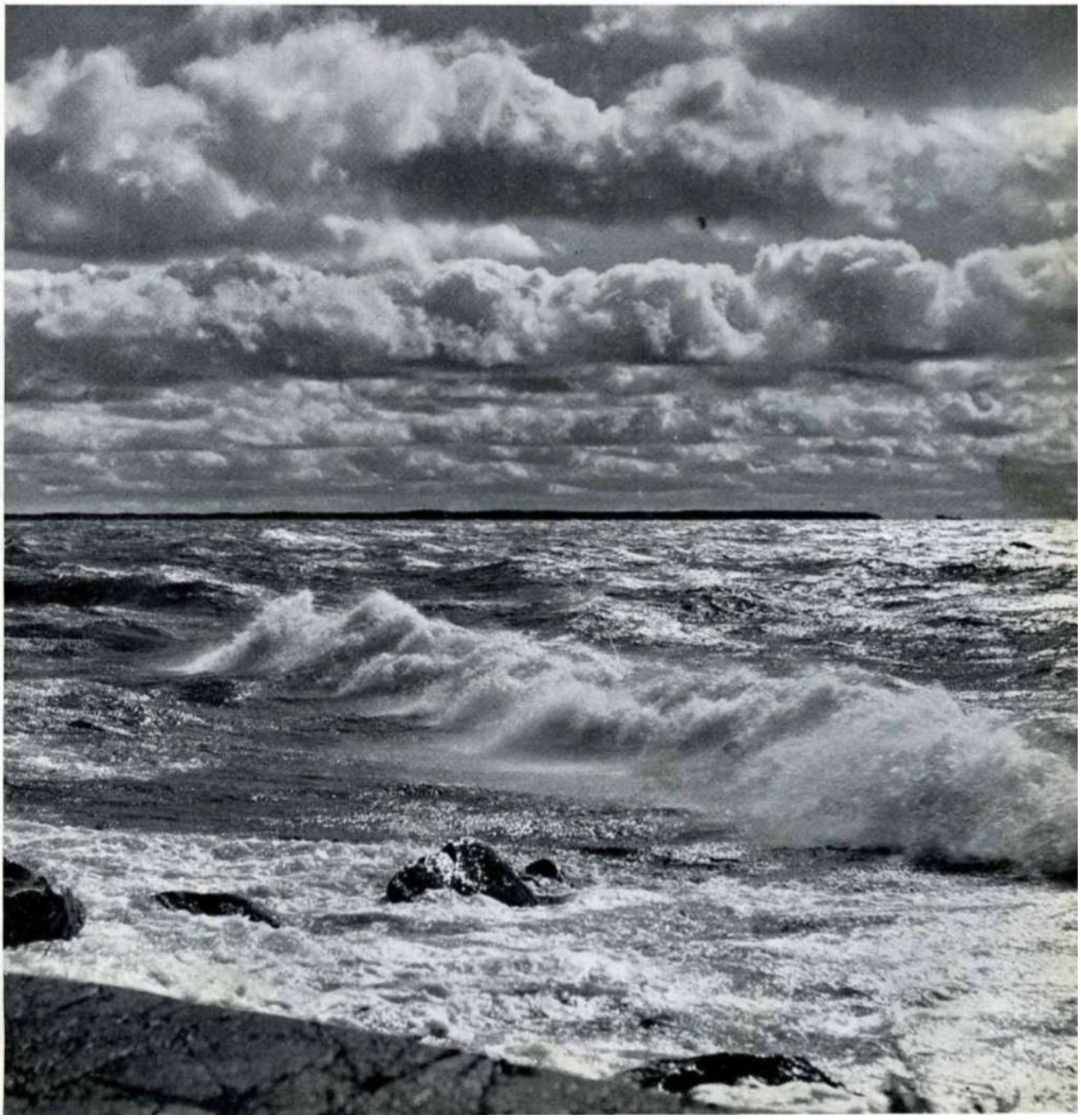
It's eight o'clock. We reach the mine. The plane is coming back. They have flown down the river looking for us, and carrying food which they could drop upon our campsite.

It's one o'clock. Again our stuff is loaded in a plane. Good-byes are said to Sherman and the Indians, and we take off.

It's six o'clock. We are eating dinner now in Winnipeg, three hundred and sixty miles from God's Lake where we had lunch.

That's travel north of fifty-three.

God's Lake from "wind-bound" island.



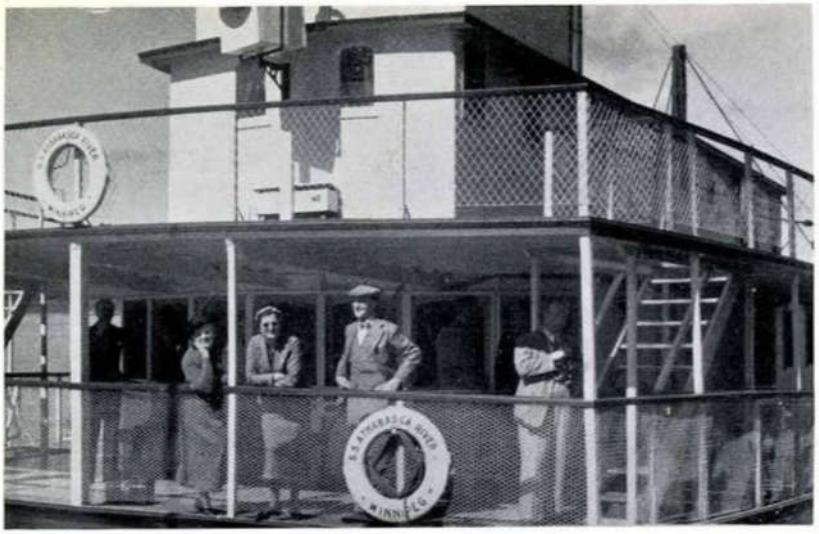
"DOWN NORTH"

with the

GOVERNOR GENERAL

JULY 1937

Stern Wheel of the "Distributor."



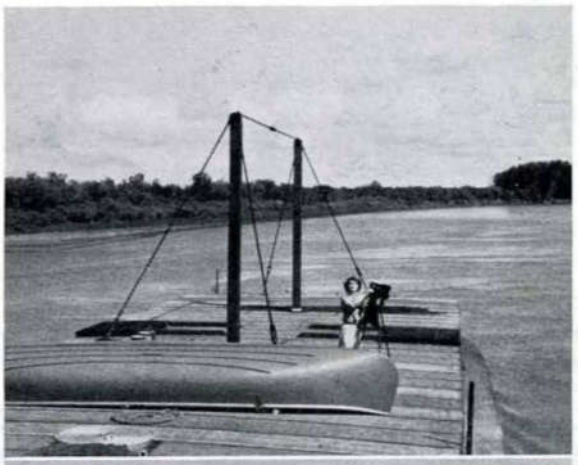
His Excellency in a happy mood, and why not, when he is just starting for the North and a rest from top hats and official receptions. Mrs. Redfern, on his right agrees and so does Mrs. G. A. Macdonald of Edmonton.

America's most charming and indefatigable photographer, Margaret Bourke-White of "Life" magazine, New York, recorded the North country from beginning to end with carloads of cameras, films, flash bulbs, and not least, a most attractive northern wardrobe.

MOST travelled Governor General, His Excellency Baron Tweedsmuir, G.C.M.G., C.H., this summer visited his Indian and Eskimo subjects in the Northwest Territories and Western Arctic. Leaving Fort McMurray, Alberta, by H B C river steamer July 21st, the vice-regal party, consisting of His Excellency, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern (Secretary to the Governor General) and Lieut. S. G. Rivers-Smith, R.N., A.D.C., travelled 1,700 miles north, past famous Forts Chipewyan, Smith, Resolution, Providence, Simpson, Norman, Good Hope, McPherson and still further north to Aklavik, arriving on August 1st at this last river port before the Arctic Ocean.

R.C.A.F. 'planes then picked up the party, whisked them furthest north to Tuktuk, H B C Arctic transport depot, and the Beaufort Sea, to see Eskimos, Arctic Schooners, barren coast line, reindeer herd. Then on to Great Bear Lake, Canada's famous radium mine, north again to Coronation Gulf, more primitive Eskimos, Arctic ice floes, and a picnic on an unnamed lake on the edge of the Barren Lands with aeroplanes piloted by famous northern pilots, beefsteaks cooked by a millionaire. South again to Fort Rae, Gordon Lake, Fort Smith and Edmonton. Record fast trip north by boat in 11 days, with 28 hours flying on roundabout return trip in 7 days. Result, 4,200 miles through Canada's western north land.

The Governor General fascinated with the country, convinced of its great destiny, delighted with the people who were charmed with his interest in them and his informal democratic visit. A triumph for the Empire Spirit.



The Governor General is shown the famous H B C sundial at Fort Chipewyan by Post Manager R. Middleton. There is a connection between this sundial and Sir John Franklin's overland expedition. The old powder magazine and Lake Athabasca bask in the July sunshine in the background.

His Excellency enjoys the brilliant sunshine on the barge which is pushed steadily northward by the steamer, while R. H. G. Bonnycastle of the Hudson's Bay Company, points out places he has camped on one or other of many previous northern trips.

Chief Pilot Con Farrell of Canadian Airways, carrier of vice-regal mail (in centre of canoe) brings the mail aboard the steamer. To the disgust of Mr. Redfern, modern facilities in this northern country insisted on delivering mail.

"And the mountain Indians come once a year to the fort, floating down the Gravel River in these home-made boats of native wood covered with raw moose-hide." Dr. Head, Indian Agent at Fort Norman (without hat) explains to His Excellency, Mr. Redfern and Inspector D. J. Martin, R.C.M. Police.

The party enjoys a cigarette and cup of tea, rain or no rain, after a very strenuous bout of mountaineering on 1300 foot Bear Rock near Fort Norman. The Governor General (in oilskins) rests on the gunwale of the boat. Mrs. Redfern is seated, and Mr. Bonnycastle in H B C windbreaker hands Mr. Redfern his coat.

Deluxe picnic on the Arctic Circle. Harry Snyder, famous Sportsman and Director of Eldorado Gold Mines, host, tells His Excellency about the Snyder mountains which he discovered in the Yukon, while Leigh Brintnell, President, Mackenzie Air Service, Limited, makes the toast and Mrs. Brintnell enjoys her coffee and cigarette.

His Excellency, adequately protected against the far northern climate and happy in the comfort of his Hudson's Bay Point Blanket coat, recommends it to Leigh Brintnell (left) and Harry Snyder (centre) at Eldorado Gold Mines on Great Bear Lake.

Greeted by his Eskimo subjects at Coppermine, where the Governor General met and talked with Captain R. J. Summers and crew of the famous H B C Schooner "Fort James", crushed by the ice and sunk the day before in Arctic waters.

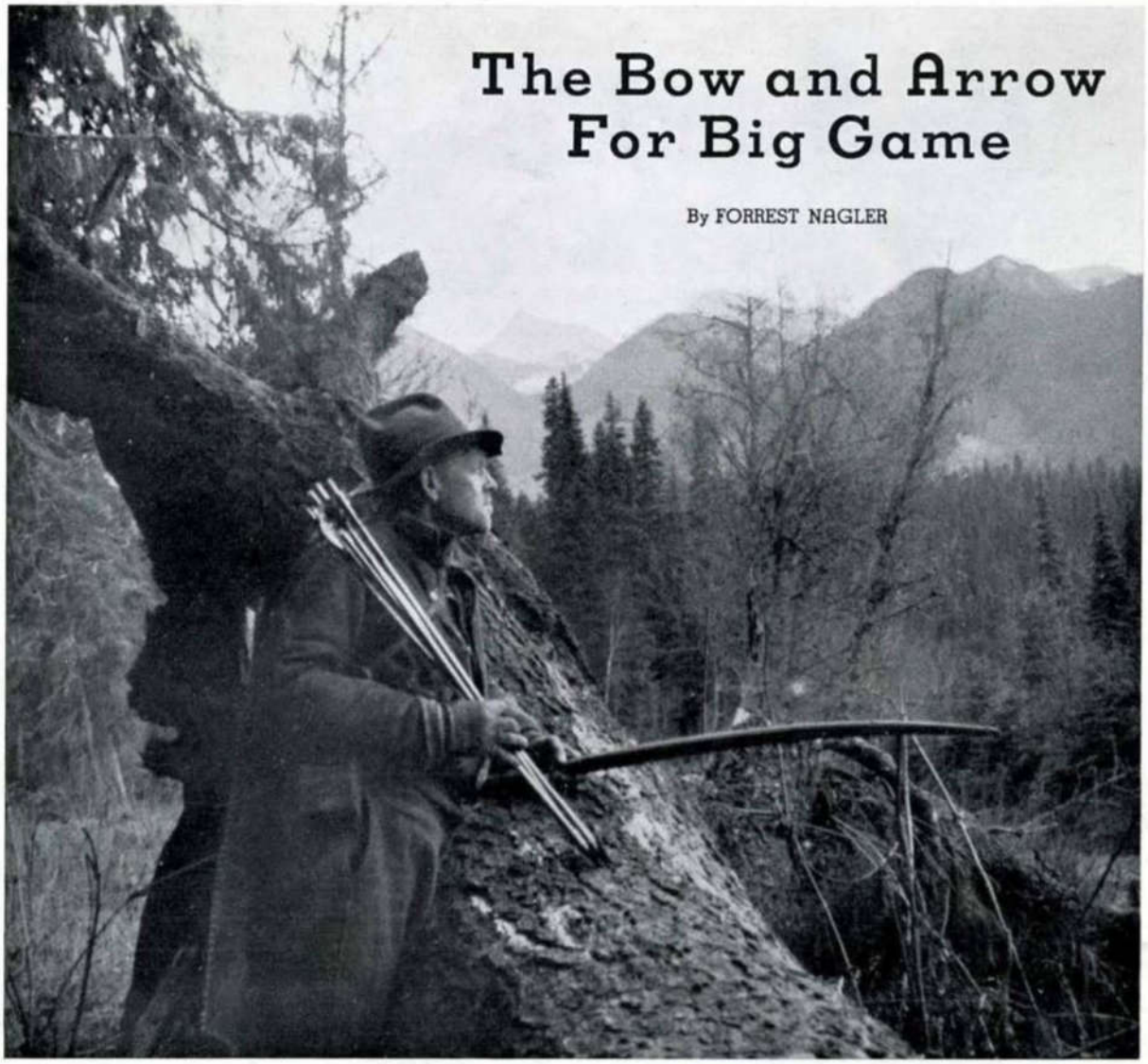
At the northern-most point of his trip, Lord Tweedsmuir looks across the ice floes of the Arctic Ocean towards the Pole.

The Governor General with Flt.-Lieut. Dave Harding, of the broad shoulders and football fame, piloting the vice-regal 'plane.

All supplies for White and Eskimo population of Western Arctic pass through this beehive of summer activity. H B C Transport Depot at Tuktuk on Arctic Coast near mouth of Mackenzie River, with Company vessels and Eskimo fleet.

Photos
by
Lieut. S. G. Rivers-Smith,
R.N., A.D.C.

Lord Tweedsmuir tries a cast from the pontoon of the Eldorado Silver Radium Express in an unnamed lake just at the tree line on the edge of the Barren Lands.



The Bow and Arrow For Big Game

By FORREST NAGLER

The author of this article tells how he has adapted a very ancient art to the hunting of big and small game. Mr. Nagler's enthusiasm has brought him adventures and good hunting.

PROBABLY the first machine invented by man, his first source of real superiority over animals and more widely dispersed over the face of the earth than any other single device, the bow has been so far supplanted by firearms that there is little general knowledge of its capabilities. It is still the device that gives muscles their greatest distances in missile throwing. I am not speaking of the toy pinch grip bows of our childhood, or even of most of the native bows that are known. I am rather referring to powerful military and hunting bows—bows such as permitted the Persians to wipe out whole armies of Romans when the latter were at the peak of their power just after Caesar's time; bows such as the Turks used in wiping out whole armies of Christian Crusaders; bows such as the Mongols used in defeating every considerable European and Asiatic power that could be brought against them; such as the Welsh used in defying the English for several hundred years, and that later when incorporated in the outnumbered English armies gave them their astonishing victories over the French at Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt. That bow freed the commoner in England from fear of the nobility hundreds of years before her neighbours had similarly progressed, and in that freedom England gained her place in the sun.

The English had a powerful weapon, easily made, practically immune to weather conditions, fast in action and very effective in driving heavy armor-piercing arrows. It was inferior to the Asiatic and Turkish bows as a general military weapon because of its length and its much shorter range. The English achieved possibly 200 to 300 yards, whereas the Turks were able to drive their military arrows twice that far and achieved over 800 yards with light arrows.

Native bows all over the world are usually very

inferior. Our American Indians were skilled hunters and the Sioux developed a powerful short bow for horse back use. I have frequently offered Indian tribes $10 for anyone who would make a bow and shoot it 200 yards. I have yet to lose.

Our present day bows are developments of the Welsh war bow, later and perhaps better known as the English long-bow. Developments of the last ten years with this bow have practically doubled its range and greatly increased its effectiveness.

Modern archery was long dominated by the name of Horace Ford in England, who about the middle of the last century set a record in target shooting which was not beaten until 1929, by Roberts of California. The Thompsons in the United States during the last half of the 19th century made remarkable pioneer contributions to the use of the bow in hunting, but it was taken up and really revived by Saxon Pope of California in the present century. He, together with the late Arthur Young, shot nearly every variety of big game in North America, and extended their activities to Africa, where they killed seven lions with their arrows. Following their footsteps, Hill of Florida, Chandler of New York, White of Pennsylvania, Styles of California, Case of Wisconsin, and others, have, between them brought down moose, black bear, caribou, mountain lion, buffalo, deer, and so forth. Probably thirty men have killed their deer with a bow in the last ten years. At least six moose have been killed as well as numerous mountain lions, some grizzly and kodiak bear.

We are frequently asked, "Why use the bow?" The only answer is that we like to. It is light, silent, and deadly. Interesting to make and not easy to master. It gives a quicker and more positive kill than a rifle bullet for the majority of body shots. It has no stopping power whatsoever, but the one inch wide cutting head may be driven through the largest land animals in North America. It kills by lung collapse and blood letting, but due to its lack of shock, is of no value in stopping a charging animal if there ever should be such. The energy or stopping power of an arrow is about 20 foot pounds—a good hunting bullet has 2000, though they weigh about the same. A bow weighs about a pound, and an arrow about one ounce (5½ shillings is one of the old English arrow designations). In this respect it corresponds to the fly rod, and although it is a little clumsy in the bush because of its length, its lack of weight makes one appreciate it at the end of a long day.

While the modern bow with an arrow designed for distance can reach well over a quarter of a mile (1937 record 614 yards by Curtis Hill of Ohio) hunting equipment is limited to an extreme range of about 200 yards, and the usual effective range is less than one half that. Desirable range for moose, which is probably the hardest North American game for the bow, is probably under 75 yards. One running moose that I killed was hit at 27 yards, missed at 35, and hit again at 47 yards. Three shots in about 15 seconds. No arrows went through, due to the binding of the shafts by the play of the muscles, but both shots were fatal, and the moose, who probably did not know he was hit, fell within 200 yards. Similarly, a large black bear, shot through the back of the shoulders high up in the lungs, fell fifteen seconds after the first arrow hit, although hit by a second one before he fell. This was timed by the movie film.

The real limit of the bow in hunting is found in its high trajectory, the arrow flying perhaps five or ten feet above a straight line at ordinary hunting ranges in contrast to 5 or 10 inches for a rifle. This necessitates being sure of space above the line of sight to give the arrow free flight. Similarly, the bow itself requires considerable space and cannot be shot in thick brush which also deflects arrows perfectly. These two features introduce the greatest difficulty in the use of the bow in timbered country.

A good combination for moose—a well handled horn, a dog that shivers whenever he smells game, bow and arrow, and a canoe to get around in.

Moose killed with two hits at 27 and 45 yards. Penetration was about a foot, with each arrow, one just back of the ribs and one in the middle of the ribs. He travelled less than 200 yards, stumbled into a creek and never got up.

As to accuracy, the best shots at the target can stay consistently in about a three foot circle at 100 yards. Gamber of St. Louis shooting in the Canadian International match in 1934 made a York round*-score of 826 which is still the International record. He missed the 4 foot target at 100 yards only twice out of 72 shots. Ford's all time English record, which stood for 70 years, was 810. This was beaten first by Roberts of California in 1929, and now stands at 826. Robinson of Salt Lake made the first "six golds" at 60 yards in the United States National in 1937, the gold being 9.6 inches diameter. Six successive golds at 40 yards are common. These indicate the obtainable accuracy, although of course far exceeding that obtainable in field conditions where heavier equipment is used and the range is unknown. Deer have been killed at about 100 yards. Birds have been killed on the wing, including one eagle, by Walter C. Martin. These, of course, are isolated occurrences out of hundreds of tries. Eagles feeding on a moose carcass gave me numerous wing shots. Some of them were close, many were wide, but all of them fascinating because the arc of the flight of the arrow is so visible. Generally, bush country that permits still hunting will limit shots to 40 or 50 yards, and that seems to be about the ideal range for big game. Generally speaking, however, the closer the shot the better the likelihood of a hit.

Modern materials are of interest. The best North American woods for hunting probably comprise yew, Osage Orange (*bois de arc*), lemonwood (*degame*), ironwood, hickory, ash, and so forth, in about the order named. Special woods, such as Snakewood, Palma brava, and so forth are less well known but frequently make good equipment. The yew is obtained mostly in the high altitudes of the Coast ranges of mountains both in British Columbia and the States. Osage is much more prevalent and comes principally from the central and southern States, there being relatively few usable hedges in Canada.

The orientals (Turks) and many native races (Esquimaux) use sinew backed horn bows and these materials have given the longest distances (over 800 yards). Students of racial origins may find of interest the fact that the Turk's name for arrow was Ok and some of our northern Indians call it Pic-ook. Both used the same bow material.

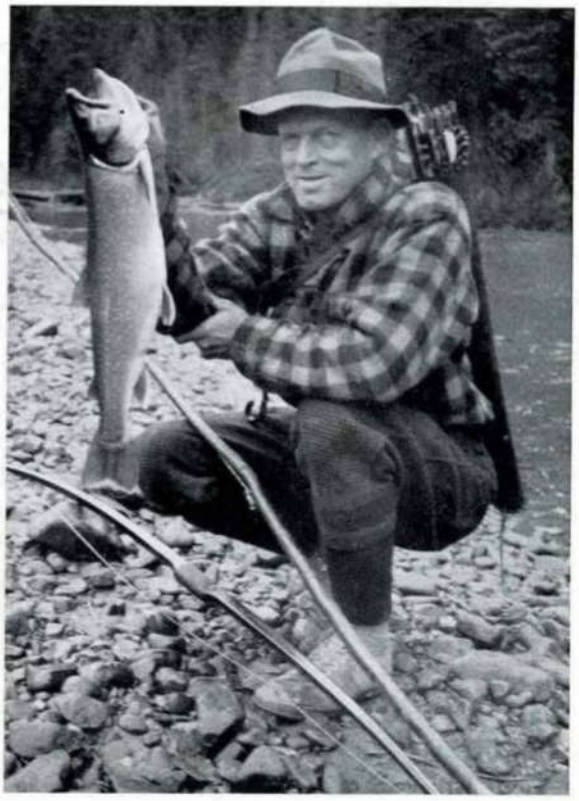
Arrows are made desirably out of such woods as Douglas fir, Port Orford Cedar, Sitka spruce, Norway pine, and, in some instances, birch. Bowstrings are of Irish linen, about 1/8 inch in diameter, and capable of standing a pull of several hundred pounds. Feathers, three in number, are from the long wing or pinion feathers of turkey or goose, the same hand feathers being used on any one arrow. They are glued on parallel to the shaft, but their curvature gives a decided spin to the arrow.

Hunting heads for big game are the so-called broadheads, about one inch wide, two inches long, and filed to a feather edge. They are usually made of steel about .03 or .04 inches thick. The well-tempered head can be driven through the best medieval armor plate, and a favorite target to convince skeptical backwoods cooks is found in their frying pan, many of which have been ruined in the process.

Broadheads are effective on large game, but have very little utility on rabbits, partridge, and so forth, which usually form the food on most hunting trips. Such small game is penetrated and the arrow flies free on the far side. There is so little shock that the animals usually get away before dying, as a partridge can easily set his wings and soar down a mountain side well out of reach. On that account blunt heads, formed perhaps by an empty .38 cartridge case or by a spool stuck on the front of the arrow, are frequently found more effective.

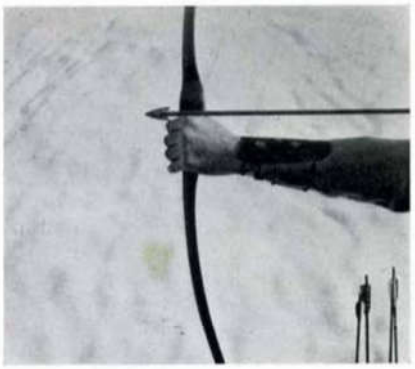
Wild duck shot at about 45 yards.

The streams have plenty of Dolly Varden and Rainbow trout as well as grayling. Here's our best Dolly. Alder pole and a bowstring supplemented our hunting equipment. It was fascinating but usually unsuccessful to try to lure them out for an arrow shot.

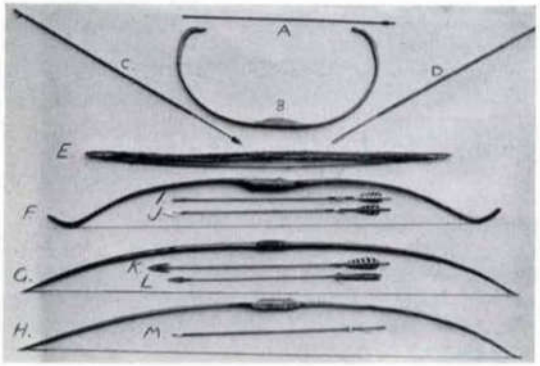


*72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 arrows at 80 yards, 24 arrows at 60 yards.

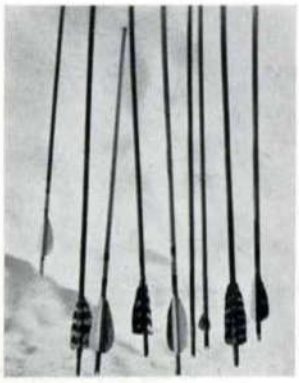
Position of string hand at full draw showing one type of leather shooting glove. This position illustrates the anchor point under the chin, to which the rear end of the arrow is always pulled, so that all aiming is done with the tip of the arrow, or with a sight on the bow immediately above it.



Standard position of bow hand and arrow at full draw, showing leather arm guard.



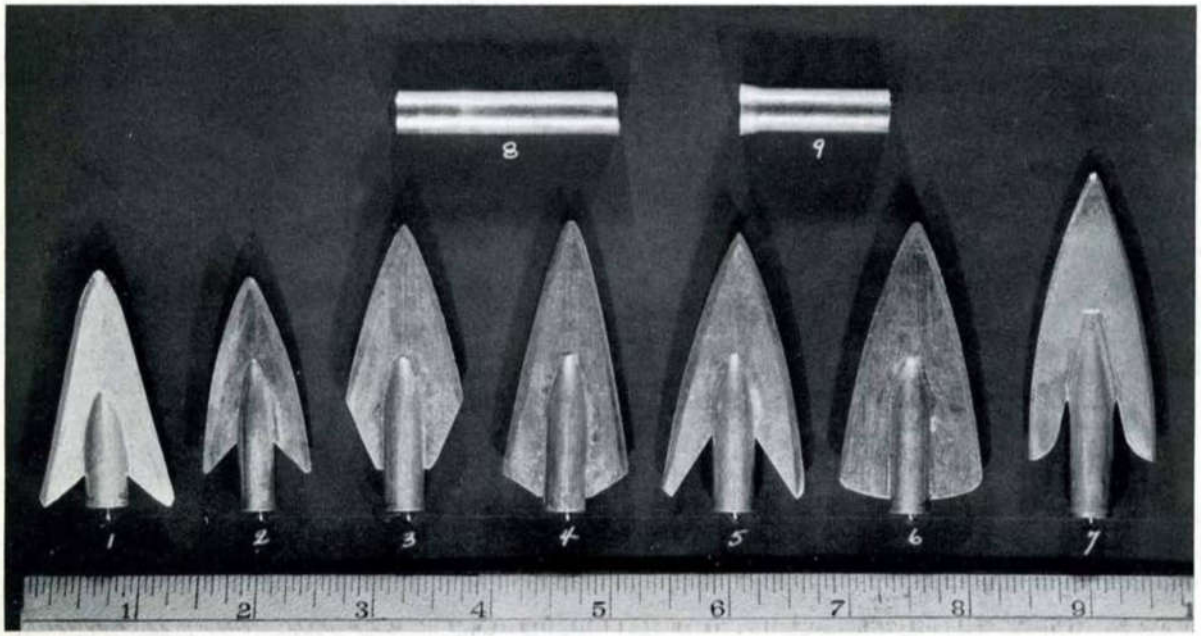
Various types of bows and arrows. A and B—Horn and sinew Turkish flight bow and arrow and Case's hollow flight arrow weighing 210 grains. C, D and E—Eskimo arrows and horn and sinew bow from Victoria Island. F—Modern sinew back osage bow, 56 pounds, with recurved ends with target and hunting arrow. G—Heavy long bow for flight shooting and broad head arrows. Bow weight, 72 pounds. H—Yew target bow. I—Sioux Indian hunting arrow for Buffalo.



Various types of feathers on hunting, target and flight arrows.

Case of Wisconsin, with 56 pound modern hunting bow at full draw.

Broad heads typical of those used for heavy game: 1—Buchan and Nagler. 2 to 6—Case. 7—Pope, Young and Styles. 8 and 9—Blunt heads for small game. The blades are about 1/32" thick and filed to a feathered edge.



Ideal archery hunting grounds are the grassy openings at timber line. Better combinations to cover for stalking and openings for locating and shooting game are hard to find.

For effectiveness the bow is of course far inferior to a rifle, but it gives one a heap more enjoyment in making the equipment, perfecting one's skill with it, and plying it in the bush. It is more humane than the rifle, because a body shot is practically always fatal very quickly, but a bullet pulps the tissue, prevents bleeding and permits body shot game to go a much greater distance. Broken legs are impossible, and shots in muscle inflict flesh wounds much less severe than animals get in fighting among themselves. This also is in decided contrast to the rifle.

One need not expect to get very much game with the bow, however. There are very few localities where game is sufficiently plentiful or sufficiently undisturbed to permit the average hunter to get within 40 or 50 yards for a clear open shot. On my own trips I have secured seven large animals in five trips, not including the smaller game, such as porcupine, rabbits, partridge, grouse and ptarmigan. Two of the five trips have been complete blanks as regards big game, although some animals were seen on every trip. Last fall, 17 moose, of which 12 were bulls, were tried for in five days without success. October 1st in northwestern Ontario was a little early in the season and the animals were ranging widely and rapidly, so that stalking was extremely difficult. The usual hunting trip comprises only a couple of weeks on the average, and in that time one usually has to get into the territory to be hunted, look it over to find where the game is, familiarize the guide, if you have one, with the limitations of your tackle, and then start in and do some intensive hard work. The bow is not as difficult a tool as the camera, because it has a slightly longer range and is equally quiet. It does require motion, however, which attracts and usually disturbs the game.

Numerous preserves are being set aside in the United States for bow and arrow hunting alone. One of the early activities along this line saw fifty archers hunting for deer for a week with only one animal killed. This was largely due to the newness of the sport, and the percentage of success is rapidly rising.

In the practically untouched game fields of its northern frontier Canada offers opportunities not found in the United States, and perhaps equalled only in Alaska. The Canadian International tournament, held at Toronto every year about the first of September, is doing much to spread interest in this activity, and particularly in its application to hunting big game.

The accompanying illustrations are intended to give a more definite impression as to the details of equipment and how it is used. The least known feature, that is, the art of aiming, is illustrated on some of these views. The bow is shot like a shotgun, using a front sight only. The rear end of the arrow is brought to what is know as an anchor point on the chin directly under the eye. The arrow is about 28 inches long (plus or minus 2" depending on the size of the archer) and is drawn to the head for all but those shots closer than 10 yards. The anchor point is always the same for any particular shooter, and he allows for all distances by raising or lowering the front end of the arrow. At 60 to 80 yards, with ordinary hunting equipment, the tip of the arrow itself is the front sight. At from 5 to 15 yards the front sight corresponds to a point on the bow about 5 1/8 inches above the tip of the arrow. I mark all my bows with this particular point, indicated very distinctly by paint or a small screw head, as it is independent of the power of the bow, the length of the draw, or the arrow used. Hunting bows range from forty to sixty pounds draw weight, although powerful men like Hill claim they can effectively use bows around and exceeding one hundred pounds draw weight, particularly for short range shooting such as at buffalo from horseback. Hill broke the neck of a black bear with one shot. Generally, however, the necessity of making a hit and the superior accuracy of bows well within one's control, limit hunting equipment to 50 or 60 pounds draw weight.

As a sport or hobby archery can be followed the year round. Many "archery widows" can vouch for this condition. Tackle making, target shooting, archery golf (a good archer can spot the best golf pro a stroke a hole at his own game and make it any ones match and archery golf courses are easily and cheaply made) tournament contests, hunting, etc. run through the year in any climate. C'mon try it.

Later Voyages for Discovery of The North-west Passage

By R. H. G. LEVESON-GOWER, Archivist, Hudson's Bay Company

Although it was generally believed by 1750 that a practical North-west Passage did not exist, the Company, carrying out the terms of the original charter, continued to send men and ships to "Ye Northward". Mr. Leveson-Gower, in this second article outlines the efforts made by the Company from 1750 to 1800. This month, September, 1937, the Company ships R.M.S. "Nascopie" from the East, and M.S. "Aklavik" from the West, met in Bellot Strait.

THE story of the voyages undertaken by the Hudson's Bay Company for "the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea" prior to 1750 has been told in a former article. It is now proposed to continue the narrative until the close of the eighteenth century.

It must be borne in mind that, in spite of the fact that in James Knight's day the Indians had assured him that there was no passage through to the Western Sea, the Hudson's Bay Company continued for many years their investigations for the discovery of the North-west Passage.

Only a few years after the conclusion of the long controversy between Arthur Dobbs and the Hudson's Bay Company through the finding of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate the Company's affairs in 1749, attention was once again focussed on the discovery of the North-west Passage. In 1761 instructions were issued by the Governor and Committee from London for Captain William Christopher, accompanied by Moses Norton, to proceed from Churchill River in the sloop to a thorough exploration of Chesterfield's or Bowden's Inlet.

After two voyages, Christopher reported in 1762 that he found the Inlet "terminated in a Large Bay or Lake" and adds that in spite of careful search he could find "no opining only a Small rivulet, up which there is not water even for Cannoes above 7 or 8 Miles which plainly proves that further Progress to the Westward is Impracticable and Consequently no Passage through this River or Inlet into the South Sea".

In 1763 Christopher searched two more openings—one to the westward of Whale Cove in 62° 37′ and one to the northwestward of Marble Island—without finding any indication of a passage.

It is evident that by the summer of 1764 Moses Norton, who had now become Chief at Churchill, was convinced of the improbability of discovering the Pasage, for in a letter written at this time to the Governor and Committee he stated that it was not his intention to send the sloop "Any further to ye Northward of Marble Island" until he had more encouragement from the natives, since he was "Certain & Shure that there is no Pasage (sic) into ye Western Oc(e)an in this Hudsons Bay."

Early in 1765, the Governor and Committee resolved that Moses Norton be awarded a gratuity of £40: "for compleating the Discovery of Bowden's Inlet, (which has been effected by 3 several Voyages in the Churchill Sloop in the years 1762, 1763 and 1764 agreeable to the Instructions sent to that Factory [Churchill] in May 1761)." And in the previous autumn they had received from Magnus Johnston, now master of the Churchill sloop, a draft of Rankin's Inlet together with a journal of observations made on his journey to the northward in 1764. Whilst the forthcoming voyages of the sloop were to be undertaken for the purposes of trade, the Committee was still anxious to obtain from the natives any information "concerning the probable Course of any Rivers farther North than the Sloop sailed in her three last Voyages."

The next contribution effected by the Company towards the discovery of the North-west Passage was completed when Samuel Hearne proceeded overland from Churchill and reached the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Coppermine River in the summer of 1771. Hearne's discovery placed the polar shore at the Coppermine on the map, and, although the situation indicated was slightly too far north, he gave the first suggestion of the line followed by the northern shore of the continent and proved conclusively that there was no practicable route to the Southern Sea through the North-west Passage.[1]

The old Fort Prince of Wales situate at the mouth of Churchill River—and since 1776 commanded by Samuel Hearne—was captured and destroyed by a French squadron under Admiral La Perouse in 1782, but on the re-establishment of the fort in the following year, Hearne was once again appointed to the charge and in 1784 received instructions from London "that the Discoveries and Trade to the Northward be prosecuted as much as possible" and that the sloop be sent thither annually as previously.

Thomas Prince, master of the Churchill sloop, was also instructed as follows in 1784: "If the open Season, and the early conclusion of your Trade at the above places (to the Northward of Churchill) will admit of your progress on further discoveries, you will thereby give great satisfaction to your Employers."

In 1789 Alexander Mackenzie, it will be recalled, a famous partner of the North West Company, proceeded down the river which bears his name to the Arctic Ocean, and added further to the existing knowledge of the course of the northern shore of the North American continent.

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1. The account of Hearne's Journeys of Exploration has been published in: Hearne, Samuel. "A Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean undertaken by order of the Hudson's Bay Company for the discovery of Copper Mines, a North West Passage, etc., in the years 1769, 70, 71 & 72." (London, 1795.) Another edition was printed in Dublin in 1796 and an edition in French was published in 1799. A new edition under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the eminent Surveyor and Geologist, was published by the Champlain Society of Toronto in 1911.

In the following year the Hudson's Bay Company once again turned their attention to the exploration of the North-west Passage and in a letter dated May 19, 1790, instructed William Jefferson, Chief at Churchill, for the postponement of all trading to the northward, "being our express Directions that the Business of Discovery shall be the great object of your exertion."

In furtherance of this object the Company, with the consent of the Government and on the recommendation of Alexander Dalrymple, hydrographer to the Board of Admiralty, and to the East India Company, engaged Captain Charles Duncan (described as "A Master in His Majesty's Navy, who has been employ'd in exploring & surveying the N.W. Coast of America, which he has executed with great ability & Success") for the purpose of prosecuting discovery to the northward of Churchill.

Duncan sailed for the Bay in the *Sea Horse* early in the summer of 1790, but as Churchill was not reached until September he decided, owing to the lateness of the season, to return immediately to England.

Early in 1791, however, the Company obtained his services for two more years, and on May 4th he set sail in command of the brigantine *Beaver*, which had been fitted out for the purpose of discovery to the northward of Churchill.

Duncan, according to his log, reached Resolution Island on June 24th[2], and, after being impeded by ice for several weeks, he reached Cape Charles on August 1st, passed Salisbury Island on August 14th, Cape Southampton on August 16th and on August 22nd he sighted Marble Island. On August 23rd, 1791, he entered in his journal: "Was off the place where Corbets Inlet should be according to Ellis[3] but saw nothing but low land." And with regard to Marble Island he adds: "There has been a Vessel or Vessels cast away at this Island is very evident for I saw a part of two Anchors, a quantity of Bricks & Human Bones, lie among Fish Bones, where the Esquimeaux have resided. It is not likely, that they would let the Bones of their own Countrymen lie exposed."[4]

Duncan then made his way back to Churchill Factory, where he arrived on September 4th, and, after wintering here with William Jefferson, he again set out on the *Beaver* on July 15th, 1792. He was absent for forty-five days, when he made a thorough investigation of Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake at its head, and returned to Churchill "fully convinced no such passage [*i.e.* through Chesterfield Inlet] from Hudson's Bay into the Western Ocean did exist."

A few days after his return to Churchill he sailed for England and anchored in the Thames on October 22nd, 1792. Whilst on the way home Duncan was afflicted with brain fever, attributed, at least in part, to disappointment caused by the negative results of his voyages in search of the North-west Passage, and was in consequence forced to rely almost entirely on his mate, George Taylor.

It is apparent that he was not fully restored to health for several weeks, for it is not until January 30th, 1793, that we find the following entry in the Company's Minute Book:

". . . . A Journal & Chart by Chas. Duncan whilst on a Voyage of Discovery was received from him & laid before the Committee. . . . . Captain Charles Duncan in consequence of a Plan communicated by him to the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company for Discoveries towards a Northwest Passage, having been engaged in the Company's Service May 19th, 1790, at a Yearly Salary of Two Hundred Pounds & he being return'd in November, 1792, having no further prospect of the discovery of a North West Passage *Resolved* that Captn Duncans Salary shall be continued until the 19th of May next [1793] at which Time the same shall cease."

At a subsequent board meeting held a week later, on February 6th, 1793, the Secretary of the Company (Alexander Lean) reported: "that the Letter from the East India Company to their Resident at Canton in China intended to be delivered by Captn Charles Duncan sent on Discovery of a North West Passage was return'd to the Secretary of the East India Company on the 1st Instant."[5]

With Captain Duncan's voyage of 1791-92 is concluded the story of the voyages undertaken by the Hudson's Bay Company during the eighteenth century with the object of prosecuting discovery to the northward and of finding a short route to China and the rich markets of the East.

In view of what was accomplished, it may at least be asserted, in refutation of the charges of indifference which have sometimes been levelled against the Company, that they were not unmindful of this important obligation undertaken by them when they were incorporated in 1670.

Furthermore it should be noted that Alexander Dalrymple, the noted hydrographer to the Admiralty referred to above, was inclined to doubt the conclusions arrived at by Samuel Hearne in 1771 regarding the practicability of the North-west Passage, with the result that Captain George Vancouver received instructions to fully explore every inlet on the North-west coast of America in the possibility of finding the passage.

In spite of investigations carried out by Vancouver between 1790 and 1795, the fact still remained that no inlet existed which provided a passage from the western sea to the northern ocean and the conclusions arrived at previously by the Company's servants were fully justified. So ends the story of the attempts to find the long sought for passage.

In the year following Captain Duncan's return to England, Alexander Mackenzie of the North West Company accomplished his journey across the Rocky Mountains and overland to the shores of the Pacific, and was thus the first white man to complete the journey across the continent.

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2. In the spring of 1791 Samuel Wegg, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, received a letter from George Chalmers, dated Office for Trade, Whitehall, March 23rd, 1791. The following is an extract therefrom: ". . . . Observing in the Second Charter of the Hudson's Bay Company [May 13th, 1675] a Grant of Busse Island, I am to beg, that you would be so good as mention to me for the Information of the Lords of the Committee of Council, for Trade, by what description Busse Island is known at present on the Maps, and also what is the best Map of Hudson's Bay. . . . ." In consequence, Captain Duncan received instructions to keep a sharp look-out for "Busse Island" in the course of his voyage across the Atlantic to Hudson Strait undertaken a few weeks after the receipt of the above-mentioned letter. In a letter to the Governor and Committee dated September 8th, 1791, Duncan reports on this matter as follows: "I strove as much as the Winds would permit me to Keep in the supposed Lattd. of the *supposed* Buss Island but it is my firm Opinion that no such Island is now above Water if ever it was. . . . ." Busse Island, which proved to be mythical, was supposed to be situate in the North Atlantic between 57° and 59° north latitude, and was so named because it was reported to have been discovered by the Frobisher Expedition in 1578 by a buss (small ship) named *Emmanuel*. (Hudson's Bay Company: A Brief History. Note p. 38. (London, Hudson's Bay House, 1934.)

3. Henry Ellis, author of "A Voyage to Hudson's Bay by the Dobbs Galley and California, in the Years 1746 and 1747, for Discovering a North West Passage." (London, 1748.)

4. Presumably this is a reference to the wreck of Knight's two ships, the *Albany* and the *Discovery*, off Marble Island in 1719.

5. When he sailed for Hudson Bay in 1790, Captain Duncan was entrusted by the East India Company with a letter to their President and Select Committee of Supra Cargoes at Canton in China. This letter he undertook to return to the Hudson's Bay Company, should he fail in his attempt to find the North-west Passage to the Pacific Ocean and thence to China.

BAIE COMEAU

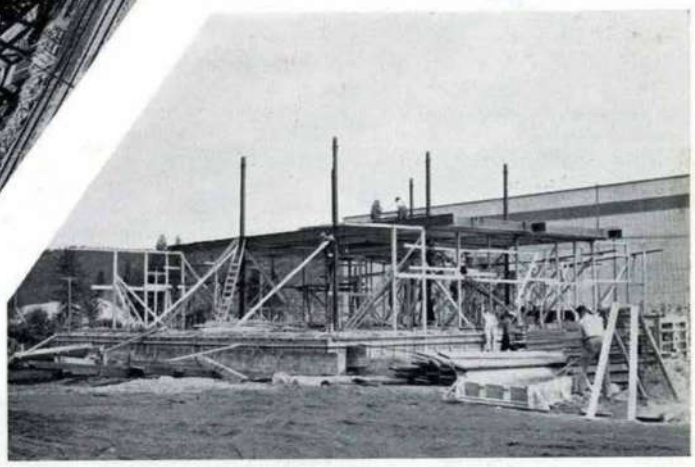
AT Baie Comeau, Quebec, on the North shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, $30,000,000 are being spent on a vast newsprint, power and municipal development that is converting a former wilderness into a modern metropolis. The Ontario Paper Company, owned jointly by the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Daily News*, plans to have the mill in operation by June 1938. Surrounding the mill will be a planned modern city of 5000 inhabitants enjoying every modern convenience and luxury.

Centre of the new city's main street will be the store of the Hudson's Bay Company. Now under construction, this building will be one of the finest in the new community. Its establishment at Baie Comeau continues the association of the Company with pioneering in Canada. On Canada's newest frontier stands a building erected by Canada's oldest Company.

Photos by
MELVIN HEARNS
Editorial Associates

Panoramic view of the development.

Company store under construction.



King William Land Post,
Gjoa Haven,
King Wm. Island,
Apr. 30, 1937.

Editor "The Beaver",
Hudson's Bay Company,
Hudson's Bay House,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Sir:

With reference to my letter of February sixth I beg to offer you further material concerning the activities of my amateur radio station VE5LD from which I hope you may find something suitable to the Beaver Magazine.

I attach a list of amateur stations in eleven countries with whom we were in direct two way communication from February 6th to February 22nd and from April 16th to April 24th. Also I attach a copy of conversations held with a few of these listed stations. I have just given their sides of the conversations as an idea of what we talk about may be gathered from them. As will be noted we amateurs have a language all of our own and I hope that with the aid of page 28 you will gather what it's all about. The expressions om, ob, oc (old man, old boy, old chap) are seldom sent in full and should not be taken too seriously but they help to give an idea of the friendliness between radio amateurs all over the world.

As no supplies reached us last summer, among the items that we were short of was coal. So, towards the end of February, after having arranged to resume our bi-weekly schedules with VBK Coppermine in May, we closed down VE5LD/CZ2L and moved into a snowhouse to pass the remainder of the winter.

On April 15th the station was moved into what used to be the Company's native house here. We were thus on the air two weeks ahead of time and the post manager wished to get some messages through VBK as soon as possible. Setting to work on the twenty metre band we raised VE5GI in Vancouver. He kindly accepted our note for VBK and telephoned it in to VAI, the Government station at Lulu Island. As VBK has a schedule every Sunday with VAI our message was received by VBK a few hours after it was sent and CZ2L's schedules with VBK were resumed once more.

I have no idea whether all this would be of much interest to "Beaver" readers but it does show what can and what is being done with little more than some copper wire, a couple of tubes, and a few dry batteries. How different a tale it would have been had Sir John Franklin's party, who only eighty-nine years ago, perished so miserably on these same shores, the means of communication at their command that the Company has here to-day!

We were recently advised, and by means of this radio station, of the plans completed for the establishment of the new post Fort Ross this summer. The Nascopie is to steam right down to the eastern entrance of Bellot Strait where she hopes to spot the M.S. Aklavik, which is to proceed from the west; or see our smoke signals. When it is stated that the Aklavik will proceed from the west be it understood that she must traverse those same waters where Franklin's ships, the Erebus and Terror, were first beset in the ice. Also it will be the first time in the History of the Arctic that a boat will have run clean through Bellot Strait.

I understand Mr. Learmonth will be taking some photographs of Bellot Strait and vicinity for you this summer; Please find on the same roll of films a snap of my station taken here at King William Land. I hope it will turn out well.

Yours faithfully

H. G. Sturrock.

His Home.

D. G. Sturrock.

D.G.Sturrock.CZ2L/VE5LD.

His Card.

LIST OF AMATEUR STATIONS CONTACTED BY AMATEUR RADIO STATION VE5LD

King William Island, District of Franklin, N.W.T. (with under fifteen watts input to the transmitter)
During February and the latter half of April 1937

AUSTRALIA—VK2HO Sydney; VK2PX Banostown, N.S.W.; VK2TT.

CANADA—VE4KZ Calgary; VE4TM Calgary; VE4XJ God's Lake, Man.; VE5GI Vancouver; VE5HC Vancouver; VE5KC Vancouver; VE5MZ Trail, B.C.; VE5PT Vancouver.

ENGLAND—G2AX Sussex; G2PL; G2YL near London; G2ZQ Blackheath, London; G5DF Yorkshire; G5KG; G5KM; G5PJ near London; G5PP Coventry; G5VM Birmingham; G5VU Newark, Nottinghamshire; G6LY Surrey; G6NF Croydon, Surrey; G6XQ Birmingham; G6YR Southport.

FRANCE—F3AD near Nantes; F3GS; F8FK near Mouzon; F8PZ Pontamousson.

HUNGARY—HA4H.

NETHERLANDS—PA0GN; PA0KV Utrecht; PA0MV.

NEWFOUNDLAND—VO3X.

NEW ZEALAND—ZL2BC Wellington; ZL2MR Otaki.

SCOTLAND—GM6NX Stirling.

SWEDEN—SM6QN Linkoping.

UNITED STATES—W1CGM Wennquincy, Mass.; W11BZ West Warwick, Ri.; W2AI Passaik, N.J.; W2BXA New Ark, N.J.; W2HDG Long Island, N.Y.; W3AYS; W3BEN Hagerstown, Maryland; W5EIP Kansas, Ark.; W5ENZ Boulder, Colo.; W6BXL Pasadena, Calif.; W6DOB San Diego, Calif.; W6GDJ Sacremento, Calif.; W7AAF Kirkland, Wash.; W7AHX Eugene, Ore.; W7AMX Portland, Ore.; W7BD Portland, Ore.; W7EAH Tacoma, Wash.; W7EHL Seattle; W7EUY Everett, Wash.; W7EYS Portland, Ore.; W7FNO Portland; W8DAE Cleveland, Ohio; W8DFH Pittsburg, Pa.; W9ALV; W9CWW Leavenworth, Kan.; W9FFV St. Paul, Minn.; W9HFJ Milwaukee, Wis.; W9ISM Chicago; W9KHG Kenilworth, Ill.; W9PQW Fargo, N.D.; W9RBI; W9SJV Edgerton, Kan.; W9VJI; W9WEL Lead, S.D.; W9WFV; W9ZT Minneapolis, Minn.

WHAT DO RADIO AMATEURS TALK ABOUT ANYWAY?

Listed below are what a few of the amateurs included in the above list had on their minds when they "worked" VE5LD.

W7EYS, Portland, Ore.—Date Apr. 20th; time 2235 C.S.

R ge ob tnx nice report ur RST 579 hr in Portland. Sum dope hr in Radio Magazine according to it ur QRA is D.G. Sturrock VE5LD Hudson's Bay Co., King William Island, Coppermine N.W.T. care Fur Trade Dept., Winnipeg.

Will QSL (a card) get there hi!

Rig hr is 616 tritet & p.p. bfrs. & hf 200 wid 700 watts & beam antenna fer Europe that is aimed west 50 miles east of your QRA hi! Receiver SW3.

Nw hw about u?

R tnx dope.

Well OM Radio is published by W6BXL & the dope was in column of DX by W6QD.

I will send dope to you just as it is in hr "Now VE4KZ shoots in the low down on how a card will find VE5LD, also in zone 2." Address is just as I gave it to u. "VE4KZ says VE5LD uses a pair of 31's and 10 watts input on 14020 kc." Shud I leave the Coppermine off ur QRA? hi

Say om wod u listen fer W7FNO? Age hr 18 & enjoying vacation rite nw, until school starts in fal hi

Well hw?

Missed little in middle cuz QRM from W7FJL hi

about QRA ok & tnx

wl om the zone plan is one in which the world is divided into forty zones & one is supposed to wrk all of them ur QRA happens to be in zone 2 along wid VE5NO. —Will send u a zone map & a copy of 'Radio' so u can see wat it is abt—nw W7FNO is about 14100 kc. mebbe slightly lower & he will call u nw. AR

W7FNO—Portland, Ore.

R tnx fer nice report.—ur RST 579 QSB wl ob sure glad to meet u ur my first DX on this band ob & I'm very happy meet—wl ob I'll turn it over to W7EYS now & see hw he is getting u sure wud appreciate ur card ob as ur my first DX hi so nw luk for 7EYS. AR

W7EYS (Continued)

R FB wl VE5LD I will get that map mailed in a.m. and send RADIO as soon as new copy cums out wl W7FNO got all; but QRM fm SP1GZ hi!—wl VE5LD local QRM quite bad so better QSK hr tnx fer vy interesting QSO & will QSL & stuff 73 gn AR SK

G6YR, Southport, England—Date Apr. 22nd; time 0115 C.S.

R fb tnx fr QSO & rprt—Ur RST 569. QRA hr is Southport—Ur QRA ok I wl QSL (send you my card confirming this communication) & pse u QSL om (and please send me yours om) via R.S.G.B. wl do—sorry but must QRT fr work nw so 73 & ge cuagn sn so cheerio & tks ob. AR SK

G6LK, England—Date Apr. 22nd; time 0100 C.S.

R gm tks & I hrd ur fb sigs—ur RST 569 fb I cant stop must QRT fer work but ur vy fb so I just had to call u—so wl look fr u agn when I can stay—QSLL & CUL AR SK

VK2HO, Sydney, Australia—Date Apr. 22nd; time 0345 C.S.

Ge ob ur sigs are swinging slightly chirpy—ur RST 465—wl ob psed QSO—wl ga nw AR

R fb ob tks fr all—QRA hr is Hart 70 Lord St., Roseville, Sydney, Australia. QSL sure I always wait for the other card to get hr first but wl QSL u nw pse ur input pwr? AR

R fb all fb—say ob fb for ur 15 watts input! sure OK just what antenna system? Oh say wat dis u say—the last few words—wrked—pse repeat the last few words—ur sigs much stronger nw ur dc is ok except for few chirps—Ok abt this QSL—wl ob pse ga nw AR

R fb ob for such low power—ur sigs still fb but QRM is coming in all around u—ok about ur antenna zepp fb parallel tuned also—ok abt ur 270 on two 31s p.p. fb T.P.T.G. is getting out fb! ok abt ZL2MR & G6LK & G6YR fb—ok wl QSL via Coppermine ok wl ob ur QRMed nw so I gues I will make this the last over ob—wl QRU hr nw—hw AR

R ok tks for this fb QSO ur sigs were not QRMed that time wl ob thanks vry much for fb QSO—wl 73 cheerio & gb—DX wid ur few watts fb—good luck. AR

OK GN SK dit . . . dit dit dit . . . dit dit . . dit!

F8PZ, Pontamousson, France—Date Apr. 20th; time 1555 C.S.

R FB GE dear Sturrock tnx fr QSO & rept. Ur sigs RST578. QRA is Ci. Rouyer 52 rf. St. Laurent, Pontamousson EnF. Ur QRA in buk (book) Senaltes QSLL direct AR

R OK fb tnx fb rept—RST 588 fb rept QRA C Rouyer 52 rf St Laurent Pontamousson—sure pse QSL direct QRU best 73 & DX GE cheerio ge AR SK

GM6NX, Stirling, Scotland—Date Feb. 8th; time 1245 C.S.

R fb ga om tks fer rprt & dope vy psed to QSO! Ur RST 558 fb! Hr QRA is Stirling. GM is new Scotland call om—u were fb yesterday fb but nd (nothing doing)! hi well please send single u fb hw nw AR

R fb u sure nice sig om fer ten watts! vy glad hook up wid Scotsman. Hr QRA GM6NX Forth Bank Cottage, Stirling. Fb—where u born? U cud do well in B.E.R.U. if QRM was not so bad! I called u several times yesterday. Hw abt a sked? (how about a schedule?) Wl sure QSLL om tks—this new call since Saturday! fb fer DX hi wl watsa? (what say?)

R solid again fb om OK on tomorrow nite same time fb & sorri hear abt snow house! U make me feel chill! OK on Aberdeen fb—there is fb ham (radio amateur) there he is GM6BM—Have you any relatives that live there? Wud let them know u OK—fb tks fer all gess near fadeout u going down om so wl say 73 nw in case fadeout.—OK on that ob? U sure fb to hear from—Hw nw? Ur sigs RST 449X AR

R fb ur nw R3! fb very om CU tmrw fb gn om

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tks gn SK

W7DXZ, Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A.—Date Apr. 23rd; Time 0013 C.S.T.

R Ge tnx fer call & vy psed to meet ur sigs fb hr 579 hr in Tacoma Wn. Hrd u say arctic VE5LD! Can't find King William Island on my map or on my globe—wl wud like to get ur card if u are in there oc fer WAZ (worked all zones certificate)—condx are not so good hr pse where is King William Island? Hw OC? AR

R solid OC & tnx wl sure send u a QSLL rite away & u wl get it when boat comes! But King William Island is not on either my map or my globe at the 96th & hundredth meridian West & 68th & 70th parallel 90 miles south of magnetic pole.—must be near Victoria Island and south east of it. There is an island there but not named—sumthing about a MClintock Channel—that must be it—I got u spotted nw hi! What in the world are u doing way up in that ice box? looking for gold or trapping or what? OK on ur 15 watts sure fb hr. Ok on ur 2 ZLs one VK & 2 G6s yesterday fb OT. Hr pwr is 125 watts & am using Acme 69 revr. Wx is chilly & cldy suppose it wud be warm wx up tr! Wl oc dont want to keep u too long but glad to chew the rag if u wish to? I have another frequency 14084 if QRM too bd hr whatsa om? AR

R I dont blame u em. OK on ur job up tr trading fer Hudson's Bay Co. Dont think I'D want the job I dont like ice except in a drink! OK on QRA QSL VIA COPPERMINE N.W.T. fb wl sure do so oc. QRA here is Frank Pratt, So. Ferry St., Tacoma, Wn. am the W7 A.R.R.I. QSL manager em wl I'll let u go chasing DX nw vy gld to have met u & hope we click agn sn best luck om & be gud! 73 cheerio OC

R fb oc & tnx ur sigs much stronger hr R9 nw very strong! Tnx & I too am on abt this time nites. Work nites & am gg to wrk in few minutes Tnx 73 SK

W6DOB, San Diego, Calif., U.S.A.—Date Apr. 21st; time 1955 C.S.T.

R. fb and am very glad QSO u for my zone two tks vy ur sigs fb RST 579 fb & ur the best sig hv hrd fm N.W.T. om. Hrd VE5TV but R4 hi! Well I'll be waiting for ur QSL sumday om wl hw? AR

VE5GI, Vancouver, Canada—Date Apr. 18th; time 1505 C.S.T.

OK QSP AR (ok will accept your message free of charge—shoot)

CODE

AR—end of transmission
bt—but
betr—better
cuagn—see you again
cul—see you later
DX—long distance
fb—fine business
fer, fr—for
fm—from
gg—going
gud—good
ga—go ahead; good afternoon
ge—good evening
gm—good morning
gn—good night
gb—good bye
hr—here; hear
hrd—heard
hw—how
hpe—hope
hv—have
nw—now
ob—old boy
oc—old chap
om—old man
ot—old timer
pse; psed; psd—please; pleased
pwr—power
QRA—location
QRN—interference from static, machines, etc.
QRU—I have nothing for you.
QRT—stop sending
QSL, QSLL—Please confirm this communication by card
QSO—work, to contact or "work" a station.
R—received, your transmission received OK.
rept, rpt, rprt—report on signals
rig—transmitter
RST system—R, readability 1-5; S, sig. strength 1-9; T, tone 1-9; X, crystal controlled.
sigs—C.W. signals
SK—end of communication
sn—soon
tnx, tks—thanks
tr, thr—there
tt—that
u; ur—you; your; you are
vy, vry—very
wl—well; will
wrk—work, to contact or "work" a station.
WRM—interference from another station.
wx—weather
73—best regards

Pse repeat all between rdio stn VBK & would like—QRN hr hw AR

R & nr 1 OK fb tks om will fone it thru to VAI right away—Very glad to meet again OB ur sigs RST 559 little chirp but think best have hrd u yet. I hve hrd u often bt u usually pretty weak—hw things in far north? hw AR

R OK solid fb—Yes ob wud be glad to sked u—best time hr wud be 1 P.M. Sundays—Hw that with u? Say ob if u wud care to send ur folks a msg ga nw pse give me fone nr if u know it ga AR

R fb solid agn—mani tks ob—OK on sked fer Sundays will call u first on this frequency—if u will QRX will fone ur folks. hw AR

R QRX (Wait)

R OK—sorri ob ur folks fone nr is not in fone book. I will drop dwn and see them sum time this week & see if there is any msg they wud like to send next Sunday. Gess u using low pwr up thr. Hr using four stage cc rig wid 600 watts input to 100 final also using directional antenna pointed north east so it should be in line wid u hw tt ob

---

R OK agn solid fb mani tks—I dont knw ur friend at Lulu Island—Will see ur folks next week & give them ur msg. VE5EP is a R S B friend of mine . . . etc. etc.

W9PQW, Fargo, N.D., U.S.A.—Date Feb. 8th; time 2200 C.S.T.

GE tnx fer rept didnt Quite get tt QRA—ur sigs RST 569 wid little chirp hr in Fargo N.Dak. wx cold 15 below—pse repeat QRA again. Input nw 500 watts hw AR K

R OK but where in heck is King William Island hi! U must be up in the far north wat u doing up there? AR K

Hi! well I will have to get a map and look that up. Ok being a trader fb—will have to trade u out of a fur coat hi! hw cum the VE5 label way up there. Hw abt tt location agn hi! AR K

R fb ur on Boothia Pen. then & I got the 90 miles fm Magnetic Pole hw ar K

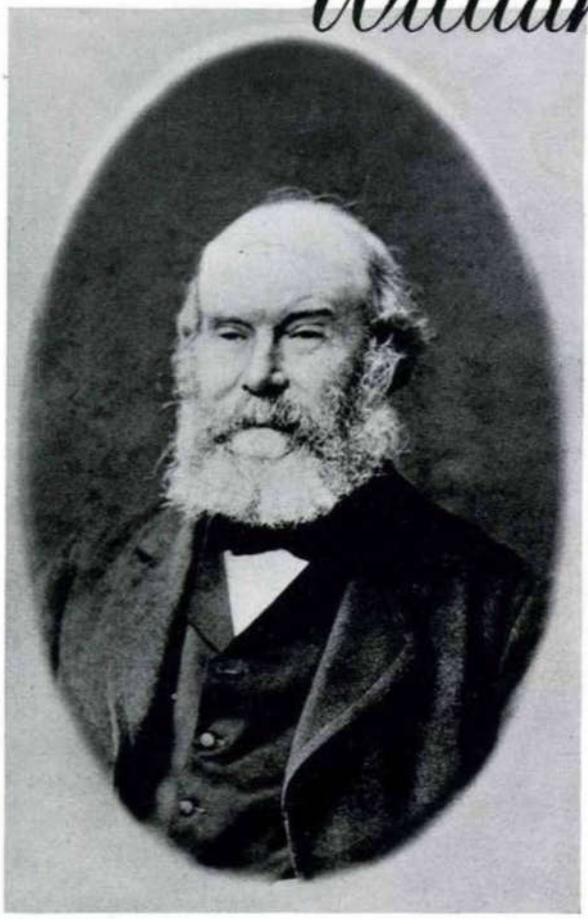
R fb well I have a cheap ten inch globe hr & it's all cockeyed hi! I see ur island OK and the straits but they are not named but upstairs I have sum National Geographic maps and wl look up dope.—Boa boy u sure picked a nice spot to get away from it all hi! hi! Sure wud like to QSO u often do u work a lot of Ws (U.S. amateurs)? AR K

R sum fone (station) on u—Have a vy fb map nw. Say are u on that little bay on the east side of the island the bay that opens up on the north towards Matty Island. Have a very fb map shows Cape Felix & Franklin Pt. OK u mentioned Franklin. That's where u are I bet hi! & Erebus Bay & all hi! Say can u QSY a cuple Kc? (Shift your frequency a couple of Kilocycles?)

FB ur rite on the edge of the band RST 559 nw ga nw u can tell me more & I have all dope & a vy fb Nat. Geographic map of north regions. Missed a lot becuz of QRM last time but nw fb. Sure enjoying QSO wid u up there hi! hw AR K

Ur sigs getting weak nw.—I have ur location down to a whisker hi! Have Petersen Bay and spot where 96 Meridian cuts shore & tts where u are hi hi. The 96th Meridian passes abt 30 minutes fm Fargo N.Dak. hi so we are not so far fm tt hi but wud be long walk up it hi. My brother is here wid map & measuring—Ur about 1475 miles straight north of hr boy tt is where old man winter hangs out hi.—How & H do u get mail hi!—bet it will be a year before u get my QSL card hi— . . . etc., etc., etc.

William Fraser Tolmie
of the Hudson's Bay Company
1833 - 1870



By DOROTHY O. JOHANSEN
Reed College
Portland, Oregon

Physician, fur trader and farmer, this kindly, cultured gentleman was one of those whose character gave authority to the Company.

IT is six-thirty, the evening of May second, 1833. A canoe makes its way up the Columbia River, about twelve hours away from Astoria. A young man, sitting in the bow, is writing in his diary. All about him a new world is opening; he is traversing the lower length of a great river, discovered only within the past fifty years, where the habitations of civilization are crude, isolated fur trading posts, surrounded by hostile Indians and an even more subtly hostile nature. But the young man writes: "Began to read Cowper's Table Talk. Metricle errors occur in almost every line, but the ideas are fine and seriously expressed."

Three hours later he sits before the camp-fire, the canoe drawn up for the night. His companions, exhausted with the day's hard labour, sleep. The diary comes out again:

"9½ p.m.—Have been paddling along in the merry moonlight and since it became too dark for reading have been rousing the echoes with Auld Lang Syne, etc, and indulging in corresponding train of ideas 'On the Land of Brown Heath and Shaggy Wood,' 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood.' Evening surpassingly beautiful. The blue concave is cloudless and lit up with the starry hosts. Venus has just sunk behind the western bank. Ursa Major is nearly on the meridian and the 'pale empress of the night' is riding in full-orbed majesty about a demiquadrant above horizon and sheds her mellow beams on the mighty stream here shut in by its banks so as to appear like a broad unruffled lake."

The next afternoon his diary continues:

"5½—Have been paddling for an hour reading Cowper's 'Progress of Error.' With the arrows of polished but cutting satire he attacks the modish follies of the day and rises to higher themes toward conclusion addressing Lord Chesterfield, or rather his shade, under the name of Petronius, he condemns his epistles with just severity."

Undoubtedly one would be led to believe a moralist, a schoolteacher, or a literary critic was, by some strange chance, lost among the wilds of trapper and hunter. But the truth is, this youth of twenty-one years was Hudson's Bay Company's new doctor on his way to his post under Dr. John McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver.

William Fraser Tolmie was born in Inverness, Scotland, in 1812. Upon his graduation in medicine from Glasgow in 1832, he entered the service of the Company through the influence of the great naturalist, Sir William Hooker. He arrived in the *Ganymede* at the mouth of the Columbia River, May the first, 1833. He immediately set out for Fort Vancouver.

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Dr. Tolmie wasted no time in wonder over the strange new world in which he found himself. He set to work arranging the medical supply room and in tending the cases of influenza which had broken out shortly before his arrival. In his spare moments he indulged in his botanical hobbies. He had brought from Hawaii some dahlia seeds, and we find the third day after his arrival at the post, the following entry in the ever-present diary: "Sowed Dahlia seeds in garden under a frame."

There is no hint of homesickness in his journals; nor of loneliness amid the crude surroundings bearing little resemblance to the refined society and its comforts from which he had so recently parted. Several days after his arrival, he walked about the fields lying close to the river bank, noted the many flowers with the eye of the botanist, and later jotted in his diary, like a true Englishman, "What an excellent cricket field this part of plain would make."

It is doubtful if Tolmie ever got up a cricket team among the personnel of the fort, but eventually he did establish a library. The books were purchased from Yankee traders by the officers of the fort and circulated among them and even among the traders of far distant posts.

He was greatly impressed by Dr. McLoughlin, and, although he mentioned him only occasionally in the journals, in later times he referred to him as "the late great and good Dr. John McLoughlin . . . the head and front, the life and soul, the guide and chief director . . . "

During the first summer of his stay, Tolmie was sent to Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound. Here he met a continual challenge in the face of Mount Rainier, snow-capped, inaccessible and untrodden by human foot. The young doctor was finally overcome by his desire to visit the mountain, to explore it and to study its plant life. He had to pay the expenses of his journey

from his own pocket. The untracked forests before him presented obstacles of overwhelming nature, and his guides were skittish. They were fearful of intruding on the sanctuary of the Great Spirit, and because of their timidity, Tolmie was unable to proceed farther than the timber line. But, in his diary, he entered his discovery of glaciers on the mountain, and this twenty-six years before Lieutenant Keuts published the report of his exploration and announced to the world that living glaciers existed in the United States. Tolmie rightly deserves credit for having been the first man to have climbed the steep slope of Mount Rainier.

It is obvious that the interests of William Fraser Tolmie were different from those of his associates, but the same spirit of inquiry impelled him as it did the others, only toward different ends. In a country where the gun was a symbol of authority and a means of livelihood, Tolmie possessed none until necessity demanded he own one. Then, having acquired one which was faulty in some respect, he turned it over for repairs to a carpenter, who, as he tells, "understood the thing."

Tolmie was a deeply religious man and in his secret musings worried about the state of his soul. On a dreary Sunday in November of 1833, he writes in his diary of his great faith, and prays "may God grant that I may not be a castaway."

It was earlier in the same year, while Tolmie was at Fort Nisqually, that there appears for the first time in the journal kept by the clerk of the Company the following entry:

"Sunday, July 21st—No skins traded today, the Indians having been informed last night that we intended in future not to trade on Sundays."

It is believed Tolmie was the first to bring religious teaching to the natives. His earnestness and the results of his endeavour are indicated in the following, taken again from his diary:

"Today, the Indians assembled in front of house to the number of seventy or eighty, male and female. With Brown an interpreter, who spoke in Chinook, Heron and I explained the Creation of the world, the reason why Christians and Jews abstained from work on Sunday; and had got as far as the Deluge in sacred history, when we were requested to stop, as the Indians could not comprehend things clearly."

The imagination pictures the youth turning sadly from his task, leaving the missionaries' labours to those who were to come in a few short years, better equipped in methods and tools, if not in purpose.

Not surprising, considering his highly idealistic nature and religious convictions, was his firm abstinence from liquor. At the Christmas celebration in 1833, the men of the fort danced Scotch reels and sang songs until morning. A pint of rum apiece added to the joy of the occasion. The Doctor records, the next day, that he had no headache. At times when most men would welcome a warming, stimulating drink, the Doctor preferred his tea or pure mountain water—and his preference was expressed in such good humor that no one judged him harshly by the standards of the hard life about them.

Two dominant characteristics of Dr. Tolmie stand out: his amiable, fun-loving goodness, and his courageous participation on the trials of frontier life. Nowhere are these qualities better brought out than in the diary of George Allan who made the trip with Tolmie from Fort Vancouver to York Factory in 1841.

"After a voyage of ten days up the most rapid, and almost most dangerous part of the Columbia river, the country very rugged and rocky, we arrived on Tuesday, the 4th of May, at the Boat Encampment, which is the highest point that a boat or canoe can navigate the Columbia. We slept there and arranged everything next morning . . . for our journey on foot and snow shoes. We now started about 10 o'clock a.m. Not finding any snow for the first few miles, we walked in moccasins, otherwise called Indian shoes, along the banks of the Columbia, when we entered the woods and found ourselves in a swamp, the water reaching above the knees. Our road leading that way, it was of course unavoidable. We therefore trudged along in no very comfortable trim for about two miles, when we again entered the woods, and finding deep snow, had recourse to the snow shoes. The Doctor and I were light, but the men were heavily loaded, and many of them having never seen a snow shoe, many and great were the falls they had. The snow shoe has a very *admirable* and peculiar quality—when one falls down it is no easy matter to get up again, and although I felt for the poor men, yet I could not altogether command my risibility, though it was, however, some times my misfortune to share the same fate, and Dr. Tolmie keeping me in countenance, we did not fail upon such occasions to laugh heartily at each other. The Canadians, of all nations, possess perhaps the best qualities for voyaging (at least in the Indian country), where we have to undergo, to use one of their own words, so much *misere*. However harassing their labour may have been during the day, they no sooner arrive at the encampment for the night, than having supplied themselves with an excellent fire and good supper, they commence joking each other with the greatest good humour upon the mishaps of the past day. . . .

"I had almost forgotten to mention that my friend Dr. Tolmie is not only a temperance man, but a teetotaler, so that during our voyage from Vancouver to the Boat Encampment, I had no one to join me in a glass of wine or half a one of brandy, and having a good stock of each, I took a little now and then by way of not allowing teetotalism to carry the day, for although a temperance man, I shall never become a teetotaler—there is something so very unsocial in the very name; besides, the idea of a man's not being able to restrain himself without an oath, is absurd. Let me, however, state here that any one acquainted with Dr. Tolmie need not be informed that he joined the society from the purest and most disinterested motives, and God knows, not from any idea of his not being able to refrain from spirituous liquors."

Three days later, the journey grows more difficult:

"On raising camp this morning, we found the fire had entirely disappeared, having sunk during the night almost to the ground, and the snow was at least ten feet deep. Cold morning with snow. Again commenced the ascent, which increased in steepness as we proceeded, and obliged us often to crawl upon all fours. The Doctor and myself took each our turn in marching ahead, not only in the mountains, but throughout the whole journey, a task by no means easy, as the snow shoe sinks much deeper before the track is formed, and retains upon it a great quantity of snow (when it has, as in the present case, lately fallen), which forces the foot dreadfully in a long journey, and often occasions the *mal de racquette*, or snow shoe sickness, which is extremely painful. We were both, however, fortunate enough to escape it. About 6 o'clock a.m. we gained the top of the mountain, and did not, certainly, feel regret at the achievement."

From York Factory, Tolmie continued to England for a visit of two years. In 1843 he returned to the West, and for sixteen years was Chief Trader in charge of the Puget Sound Agricultural Society, a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Fort Nisqually. In 1859 he moved to Victoria where he was in charge of the Company's farms on Vancouver Island. He retired from the service in 1870. In the sixteen years remaining to William Fraser Tolmie, he continued his active life, now devoted to his family and seven sons, and a large farm known as "Cloverdale." He was interested in improving live-stock, in experimenting with new crops, trying new grasses, and new machinery. He encouraged live-stock breeders in Oregon, and one of the West's pioneer shorthorn breeders, Simeon G. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, owed much to the friendly advice of Dr. Tolmie.

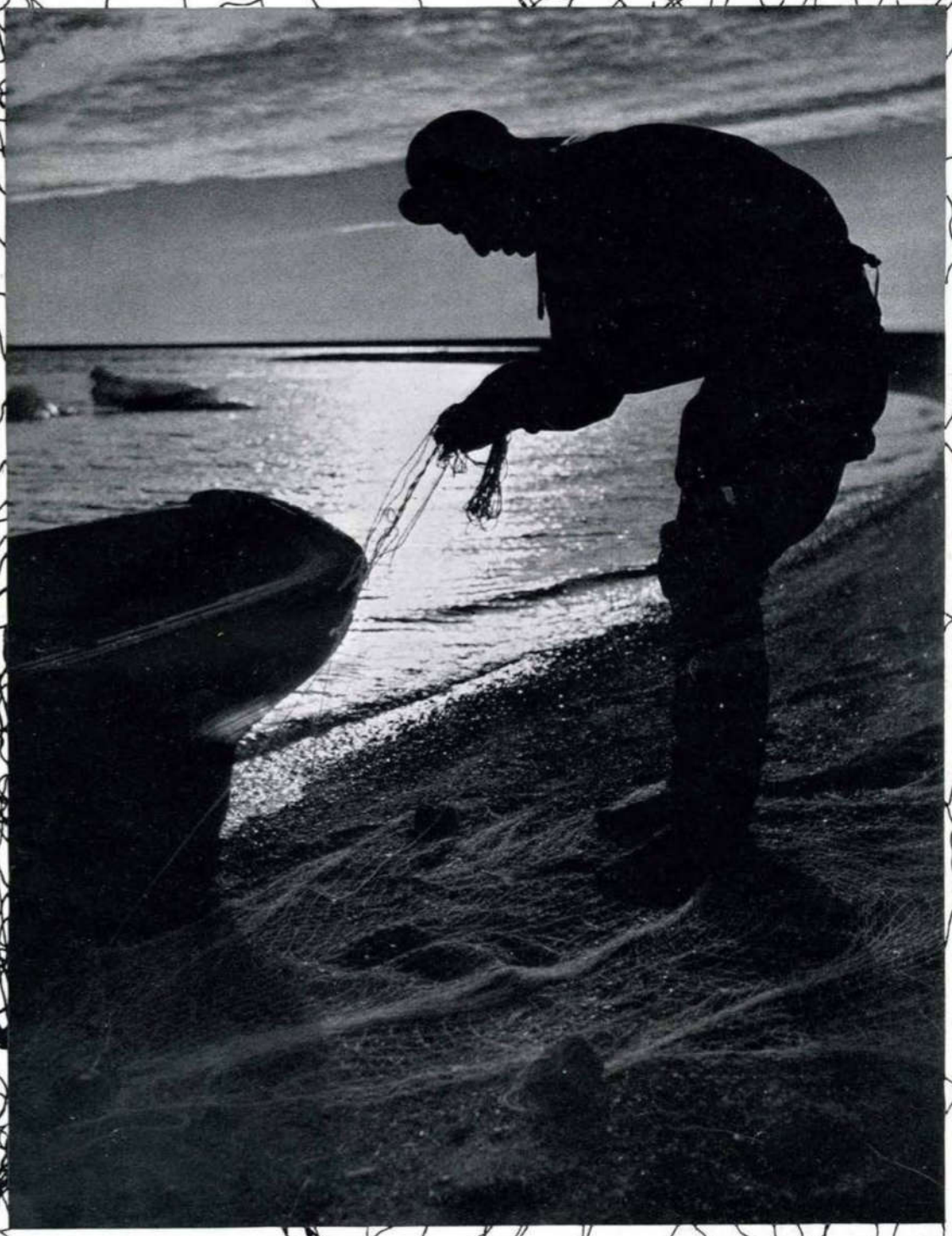
He introduced, besides the dahlia, the domestic strawberry, and imported quail from California. But the interests of his declining years were not wholly agricultural. As a member of the Colonial Council of Vancouver Island he was instrumental in securing and maintaining good roads. Education, Indian management, liquor control, were problems he attacked as representative of Victoria District in the legislature. He led the fight for free education and maintained his interest in its problems until the end of his life.

Dr. William Fraser Tolmie's life was not spectacular and it is over-shadowed by the glamourous figures of his contemporaries, but a study of his personality as recorded in these early years of his journals, leaves one with the pleasant picture of a strong, useful character, scholarly, sober, singing through a wilderness.

(The author of the above article is deeply indebted to the Honourable Simon Fraser Tolmie for his assistance in gathering material for the study. Other sources used: "The Journals of Nisqually House, 1833, 1843-1859;" "The Journal of William Fraser Tolmie, 1833;" "The Journal of a Voyage from Fort Vancouver . . . to York Factory . . . 1841," by George T. Allan, and the "History of the Northwest Coast," vol. ii, by H. H. Bancroft.)

Arctic Fishing

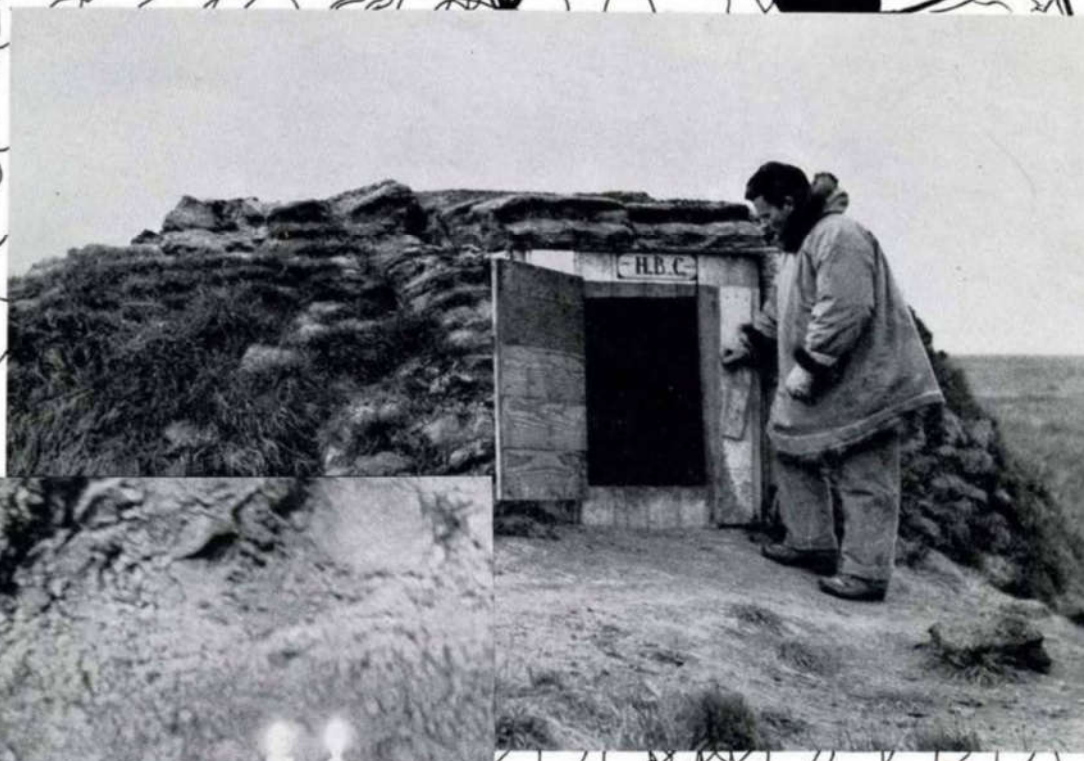
Fishing in the Western Arctic is today as the fishing of Biblical times. In a series of pictures by the late Richard Hourde, Company men and men of the Mounted Police work side by side with Eskimos "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come."

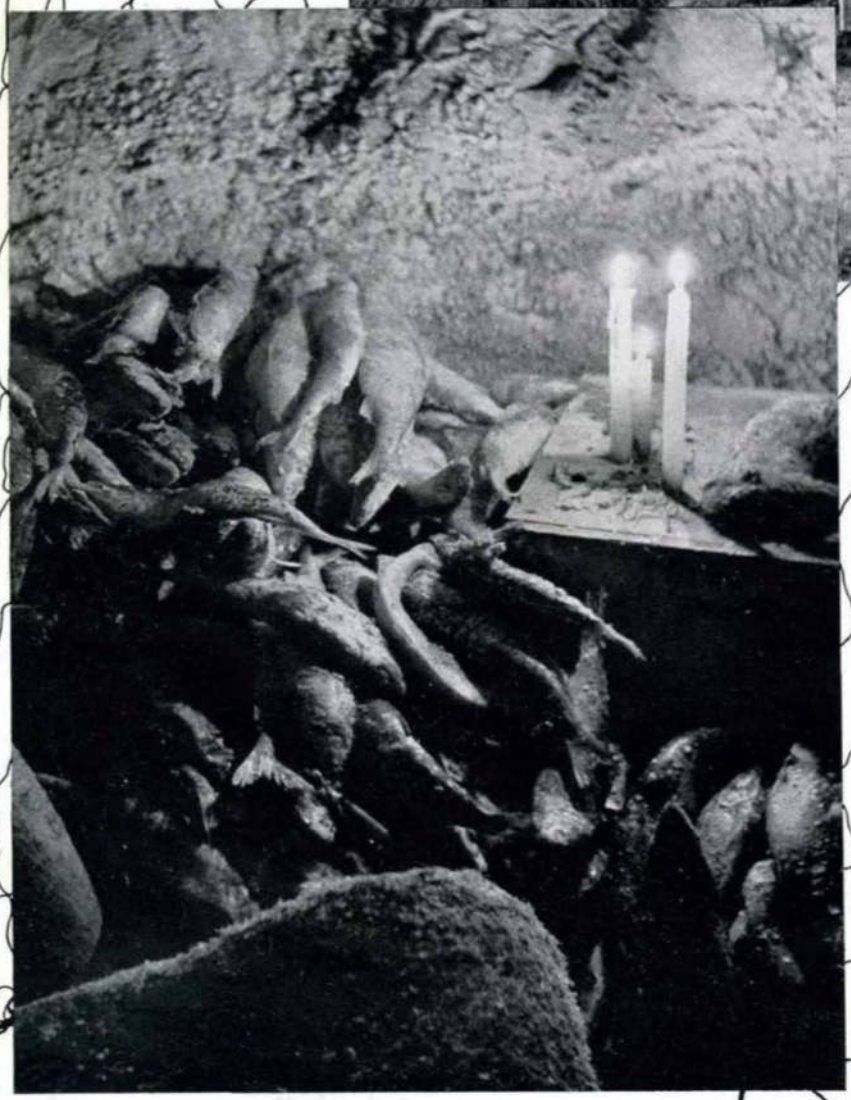


It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.
—Ezekiel 26:6.

Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.—Luke 5:4.

They take up all of them with the angle, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag.—Habakkuk 1:15.





Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come.—Timothy 6:19.

Orkney and the Hudson's Bay Company

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

The third and concluding article on the Orkney Islands and the important part played by Orkneymen in the early years of the Company. Mr. Clouston deals particularly with the success of his countrymen in rising to positions of trust and honour.

IT has been seen that the great bulk of the Orkneymen in the Hudson's Bay Company's service were engaged definitely and deliberately to do the donkey work, the heavy and often dangerous toil that required hard muscles, stout hearts, strong constitutions, and the moral qualities of sobriety, honesty and fidelity. They were not intended to form an officer class, and it would seem as if even the more ambitious of them regarded the service simply as a means of bettering themselves in their own country, and very often buying a farm when they came home. In more than one known instance, and no doubt in many others of which I have no record, the farms they purchased had once been their own ancestral heritage which their fathers or forefathers had been forced to sell when hard times were at their hardest. To this end they had toiled in the wilds through arduous years and refrained from spending a sixpence that could be saved.

There was, however, a certain number with the education and qualities required for administration, who played a not inconsiderable part in the Company's far-flung territories. To trace the careers of at least a selection of these officers—the "governors," "factors," "traders," and "masters" of the Company's, and also sometimes of local Orkney records—and give some picture of their trials and adventures, their explorations through trackless forests and up uncharted rivers, the bit of empire building they did so well in their own way, would have made a fitting finish to this paper. It proved, however, an impracticable ideal, since the story of their exploits is contained only in the Company's archives and, obliging as the Company has been, to ask them for such a mass of details was out of the question. In one or two cases, however, their Secretary was kind enough to give me, unasked, particulars of men whose names occurred in family notes, so that I can supply at least a sample instance of such a career. For the rest, I am under further obligations for a general list of names and dates through the period when complete records exist, and any details added must concern, in the main at least, the purely Orkney side of these officers' lives.

Regarding the service to which they belonged, it may be said briefly that up to the year 1810, when an extensive reorganization of the Company's administration in Hudson's Bay was undertaken, the system was based, or at least largely based, on their charter of 1670 granting them "liberty, full power and authority to appoint and establish Governors and other officers," to control the forts, factories etc. in the Bay. Though the strictly official designation of these officers was "Chief Factor," the officer in charge of such a fort or factory at this period was generally designed "Governor" or "Chief," while the officer commanding an "inland" or subordinate trading post was usually styled "inland trader" or "master at So-and-So House." "Seconds" are also several times mentioned now: *i.e.*, second-in-command at one of the forts on the Bay, who at the same time was sometimes in command of a subordinate post as well, and who automatically assumed control of the major post during the Governor's temporary absence.

By the reorganization scheme of 1810, the Company's territories were divided into Departments, Factories, and Districts. Instead of all the forts in the interior being subordinate to one or other of the ports on the Bay, the general regulation of affairs was now given to two Superintendents, one responsible for the five northern factories and the other for the three southern. Each of these eight factories, or forts, was under a "Chief Factor" (the title regularly used from that time onwards) with subordinate traders under his command.

In 1814-19 "district masters" first appear on record, this being the rank next to Chief Factor; evidently corresponding approximately to the more important of the old "masters," though apparently with widened powers and higher pay, since a few of them received the same salary as a Chief Factor.

This reorganization period was comparatively brief, and immediately after the union between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company in 1821 yet another reconstruction took place, and thenceforward down to 1871 two commissioned ranks are found, with the definite titles of Chief Factor and Chief Trader, promotion being from clerk to Chief Trader and from Chief Trader to Chief Factor. Finally, after 1871, three further ranks of commissioned officers were introduced, but as that was only twenty years before Orkney's severance from the Company, one need not go into this last phase.

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As complete lists of the Company's servants are lacking before 1774 and the places of origin are not included till about 1790, not even the most obliging secretary could give me information regarding Orkney officers before those years, since there is nothing to show who were Orkneymen and who were not. In one case, however, where, from private notes, I was able to supply the name of an early Governor known to come from Orkney, the flow of detailed information gave me a deepened respect not only for the vast stores of facts contained in the Company's archives, but for their arrangement.

This solitary recognizable Orkney Governor of the first half of the eighteenth century was Joseph Isbister, son of Adam Isbister, merchant in Stromness, and his wife Helen MacKinlay. She was the daughter of William MacKinlay, owner of the estate of Wasbister in Hoy, with its curiously contrasted pertinents—"the priviledge of the Craigs of the Kaim and the seat in the Kirk of Hoy"; these Isbisters themselves being a branch of an old Harray family, styled in earlier days "of that ilk."

From the Company's archives, his intrepid career can be traced from his first appearance in the Company's service aboard their frigate *Hannah* in the year 1726, through his further sea service which in 1735 culminated in his becoming master of the Company's sloop *Eastmain*, on to his appointment in 1740 as "Chief" of Albany Fort. Here he spent an active four years, pushing his way for 120 miles up the Albany River to build and establish Henley House—the first post occupied by the Company away from the shores of the Bay—an enterprise primarily directed against the encroachments of the French and their interference with the Company's trade.

A year's respite at home followed, and then reappointment as Governor of Fort Albany, and later of Churchill River, where in 1748 he is designated (in an Orkney record this time) by the resounding title of "Commander-in-Chief of Prince of Wales Fort." Twice over—in 1747 and 1752—a welcome was extended to him by the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company on his return to London, accompanied by a special money grant for his services on both occasions. Finally his service career came to an end in 1756, when he was again Governor of Albany, under circumstances that showed him a man of more resolution than the prudence of the Governor and Committee quite enjoyed. He had, in fact, executed three Indians for their part in the massacre at Henley House, a measure of justice which so exasperated the tribes that he was recalled to England, a sacrifice to diplomatic considerations. There he retired from the Company's service, though with his colours still flying, for a third special money grant was made to him a couple of years later.

Even after this, the long arm of the Company's records still reaches him. In 1770 we find him writing to the Committee from Quebec, where he would seem to have died either in that year or 1771.

As Governor Isbister is by many years the first known Orkney officer in the Company's service, and in fact the only individual Orkneyman who can be identified during that earlier period, I have given this brief outline of his career. Doubtless there were others holding responsible positions in the Company's service, but one would have to discover their names from other sources, and it is only when we reach the 1790's that the Company's books enable one to identify Orkneymen and note their rank. For the reasons already mentioned, as also through the exigencies of space, all that can be attempted here is a list of the names supplied to me, together with a word or two about those holding the higher rank of Governor, or its equivalent Chief Factor, when I happen to know any facts.

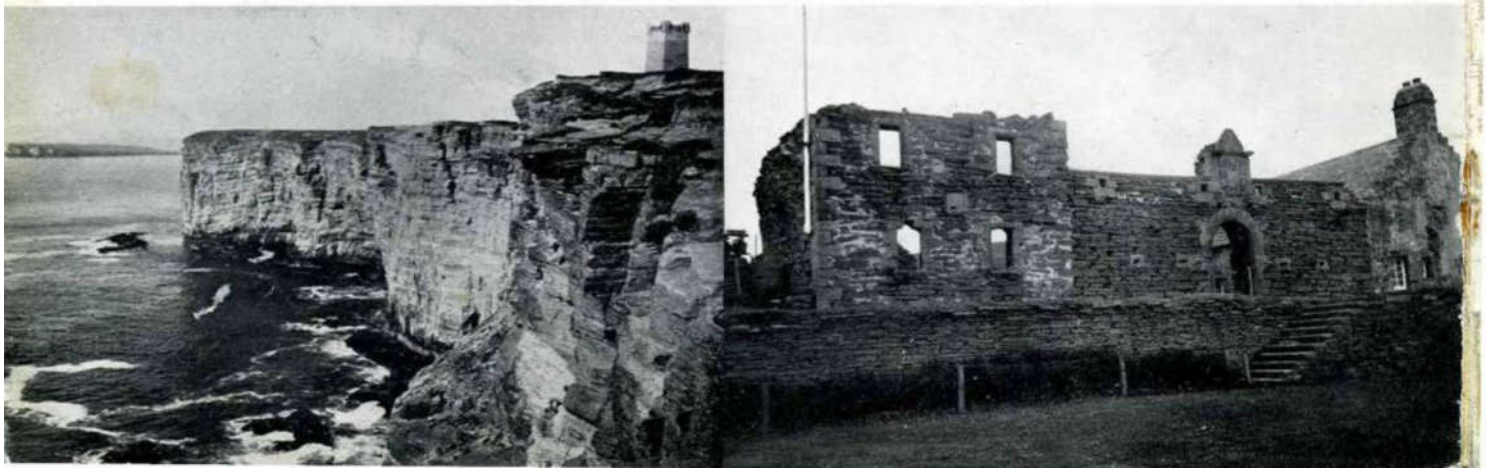
In the period from the 1790's to 1821, three Orkney Governors are on record in the Company's books. The first of these was William Tomison, from South Ronaldsay, who entered the service in 1760 and was chief of York Factory (inland) from 1786 to 1803. Not only was his period of service with the Company exceptionally long, but in Orkney his name is permanently enshrined in Tomison's Academy, endowed by him in his native island. This, says the "New" Statistical Account of the 1840's, represented his gains for the first twenty-five years of his service; and not content with his generous and public spirited action, he also left £200 in aid of the poor of his own parish, and moreover a sum for the creation and endowment of a girls' school. Altogether Governor William Tomison was a highly creditable product of the northern isles.

The other two Governors were John Ballenden of Stromness, who entered the service in 1770 and was Chief of York Factory from 1798 to 1802, and William Sinclair, from Harray, who joined in 1792 and was Chief of Winnipeg Factory in 1812; but about neither of these have I any further information.

A fourth Orkneyman certainly held the same rank, since in 1807 "Edward Clouston, Esquire, residing in Stromness, late Governor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company," is so styled in the formal record of an Orkney legal action against him, and he was, moreover, always remembered as "Governor Clouston." The Company's books, however, only record his service career (in which he bore a "remarkably good character," did his bit of exploration, and founded a new House) to the stage of "master" of successive inland trading posts, and at the same time "second" at Osnaburgh; from which offices he retired in 1798 at the age of thirty-nine. It is evident that he must have received his appointment as Chief after his return home in 1798, and either there is a gap in the Company's records about then (not perhaps a likely alternative, though not impossible after a lapse of a century and a half), or he decided to retire permanently and never actually served in Canada as Governor. He was a

Kitchener Memorial, Marwick Head.

Langskaill, Gairsay



Entry dates for George Gladman, Sr., James Slater, Peter Spence, James Tait, and James Russell are incorrect. See L.C. Nos. 19248, dated May 25, 1936, filed under Employees: H B C Misc. Information; and L.C. No. 27963, dated April 28, 1966, filed under Employees H B C Spence Peter

nephew of Governor Isbister and a first cousin of the Rev. William Clouston.

In this period eight Orkney district masters are on record. Their names, with the year in which their service began, and the post they commanded, with the years of holding it added in brackets, are as follows: Adam Snodie from Orphir—a remarkable surname, quite strange to me—(1808; Churchill 1818-19); John Eunson, St. Ola, (1808; Albany 1813, Moose 1814); James Kirkness, Harray, (1797; Norway House 1818-19); George Gladman, Senior, St. Andrews—another unfamiliar surname—(1797; Eastmain 1818-19); James Slater, St. Ola, (1797; Albany Inland 1818-19); Peter Spence, Birsay, (1797; Kenogamissi 1818-19); James Tait, Ronaldsay, (1797; Albany Inland 1818-19 [*sic*]); and James Russell—more correctly Rusland—Shapinsay, (1797; Eastmain 1814-16).

After the amalgamation, when the two grades of commissioned officers were Chief Factor and Chief Trader, down to 1891, when the official connection with Orkney ceased, five Orkneymen held the higher rank. In 1821 Alexander Kennedy from South Ronaldsay (already mentioned as among the contingent who enlisted in 1798) was Chief Factor. Of him and his ancestry there is a very full account in Mr. Mooney's paper on "Kennedys in Orkney and Caithness" (*Proc. Ork. Antiquarian Soc. Vol. XI*). Alexander himself was actually the head of an ancient and once important family, the Kennedys of Karmucks, hereditary constables of Aberdeen and afterwards proprietors of Stroma, who had parted company in turn with both those estates and now owned Braehead in South Ronaldsay. He retired from the service in 1829, and died in 1832. His son, Captain William Kennedy, then living in Canada, was a sailor of some distinction, since he was brought from Canada to lead Lady Franklin's expedition to the Arctic in search of Sir John Franklin and his men.

Contemporary with him, another Orkneyman, James Sutherland, also from South Ronaldsay, held the rank of Chief Factor from 1821 to 1827. I can discover nothing further either about him or about a second John Ballenden of Stromness, Chief Trader 1844, Chief Factor 1848, retired 1856.*

The next name, however, is well known both in and outside Orkney. It is that of Dr. John Rae, the Arctic explorer, born at the Hall of Clestrain, in Orphir, where his father was factor on the Honyman estates. He first studied medicine and qualified as a doctor, and then joined the Hudson's Bay Company's service, in which he rose to Chief Trader in 1847 and Chief Factor in 1850. Partly during his period of service and partly afterwards, he earned his renown as an explorer, the discovery of Franklin's fate being his best known exploit. He died in 1893 and was buried in the churchyard of St. Magnus Cathedral, where his monument stands conspicuous in the choir crowned with his leonine figure lying asleep, his gun at his side.

The fifth and last Chief was James Stewart Clouston, Chief Trader 1853, Chief Factor 1864, died 1874. His father was Edward Clouston of Smoogro, representative of another closely akin branch of the same old Norse family to which the Rev. William and Governor Edward belonged. Like other of the retired Company officials, he settled permanently in Canada, where his eldest son became afterwards well known as Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., of Montreal.

The Chief Traders make a longer list. In order of date (with the year of appointment in brackets), they run: James Clouston, Stenness, (1821, retired 1827); Jacob Corrigall, Kirkwall or Birsay, (1821, retired 1840, died 1844); William Glen Rae, Orphir, (1841, died 1845); John Black, St. Andrews, (1848, retired 1855); Robert Clouston, Stromness, (1850, died 1858); James S. Watt, Stromness, (1854, retired 1871); James Hackland, Birsay, (1863, retired 1871); Hamiton Moffatt, Stromness, (1863, retired 1871); Magnus Linklater, Birsay, (1865, died 1868); William H. Watt, (1868, raised to new rank of "factor" 1873, retired 1876).

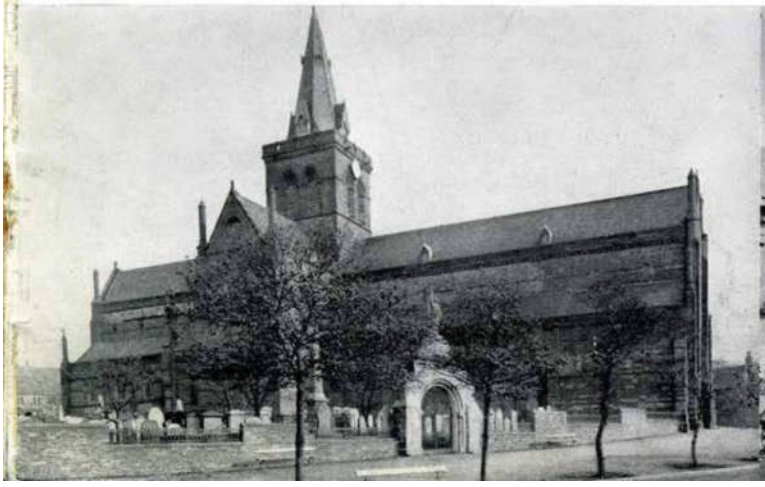
The last appointed of these officers have long passed away; the close connection of the Company with Orkney has been severed for well nigh half a century; circumstances, methods, economic conditions have altered vastly; but the memory of the long association still lives both in Orkney and Canada; and not only that, but certain of the consequences are likely to endure long beyond today.

Though the Orkney folk remain "sparing of their words . . . . especially of what seems to have a connection with their (own) interests," this does not prevent them from sometimes discussing their neighbours' affairs, and, unless report be far astray, many a household in Stromness continues to live very comfortably, and many a peerie laird thrives prosperously, on their forebears' winnings from the Hudson's Bay Company, won either by adventure in the Nor'West or shrewd trade in the seaboard town.

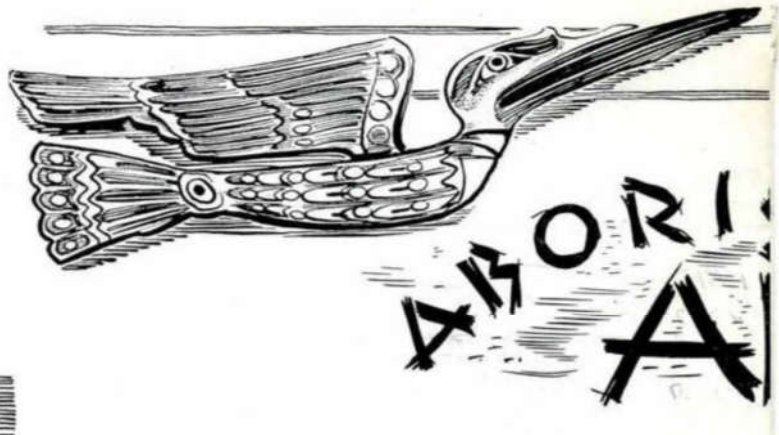
And out in Canada the surnames in themselves bear evidence to a stronger tie with the islands than even cash profits can forge—the tie of blood.

*In these and the other cases where nothing is known, I should add that no special research has been made. No doubt further facts could be discovered if this were done.

St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall



Stromness Harbour.



ABORI A

By W. J. PHILLIPS, R.C.A.
Winnipeg

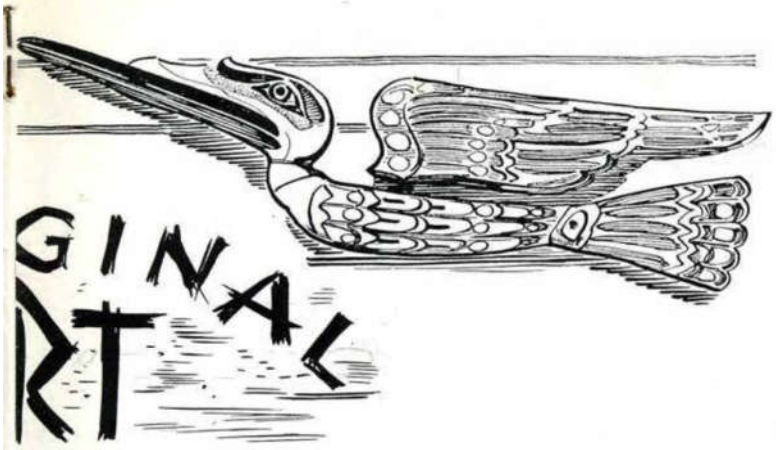
EVERY Canadian town with pretensions towards culture maintains a Handicraft Guild, an organization which seeks to foster alien peasant arts and crafts, but no such auxiliary exists with a like enthusiasm for aboriginal art; in fact but for recent attempted revivals in certain Indian schools, native art might be dead as the dodo, relegated to museums and to the sporadic attention of the ethnologist. Yet it is intensely interesting; it has integrity, humour and aesthetic appeal. It was communal in all its manifestations, a quality, according to the late Roger Fry, essential in the best art.

I cannot discuss the significance of Indian design in general, but I can testify to the beauty of examples I have seen—of splendid embroidery wrought of dyed porcupine quills, of gracefully carved pipe-stone, and wonderful weaving, and I know that the wood sculpture of the west coast tribes is not necessarily crude, repulsive and demonic, as is often suggested, but fine, honest purposeful decoration.

West coast carving has always attracted me for a number of reasons, and I cannot understand the common remark: "I don't like totem-poles," nor the shudder that usually accompanies it. I see so much humour in them—that rare but precious quality in art, of naiveté, exotic charm and of bold design, that I shall never understand that attitude. Let these detractors lavish admiration upon the beadwork which I despise, for it is an alien art, or better still, let them study the poles, and meet Yakuglas, a mild-mannered gentleman whose mission in life is to make them.

Yakuglas belongs to the Kwakiutyl tribe, which inhabits the northeast corner of Vancouver Island and a strip of adjacent mainland. The art of this people was as it should be applied to life. All that was made or used was rendered pleasing to the eye. I have to use the past tense. Unfortunately the Indian has now adopted the sophisticated yet artless ways of the white; he has exchanged beauty and simplicity for standardized, machine-made comfort.

Neither the birch-bark canoe, nor the Venetian gondola, nor any other small craft, equals the Kwakiutyl canoe in sheer beauty of shape and line, but I doubt whether those that are lost through misadventure are ever replaced. The basketry of this tribe is much sought after, but vainly now; their handsome



carved oil bowls have no further use, for I fancy the Kwakiutyl brave eats porridge from a plate, and is far too nice to dip into the communal tank for a helping of oolichan oil and its floating crust of salmon berries. Masks and rattles have been abandoned for photographic enlargements and gramophones; totem-poles have fulfilled their period of usefulness, and lie and rot where they fall like cankered trees or, in the more accessible villages, they suffer a shameful rejuvenation, being garnished with house paint and firmly set in bases of concrete for tourists to gape at.

It is sad, perhaps, that Kwakiutyl art should have been vested solely in perishable substances, for it is fine in its way, and unique. On the other hand, perhaps it is as well. The Greeks vaingloriously embodied their conceptions of beauty in enduring marble, as though any human thought was worth it, and today our architects, sculptors, painters and draughtsmen are forced to defer their alleged inspiration supremacy. It is a poor town that fails to boast of an imitation Greek temple, a poor artist who refuses to admit his relative ineptitude. Many of our best admired sculptors have copied even the truncations that accident and the rough usage of generations of iconoclasts has wrought upon Greek statuary, and few have dared to add colour to their groups because time has obliterated all colour from their antique prototypes.

Tradition thus bears hard upon us. Many bad painters of the Renaissance wasted their time and effort in inventing permanent methods of painting with permanent pigments, instead of exploring their fugitive qualities. Something in the nature of vanishing inks would be ideal, for after a certain period one has purged a masterpiece of all its quality; it becomes a mere husk, an annoyance. Familiarity breeds contempt; I doff my cap whenever I think of the Chinese emperor Shih-Huang-Ti who decreed that all ancient art and literature should be destroyed.

Yakuglas still makes totem-poles, and does not place too great a reliance on modern time-saving tools and devices. I met him quite by accident on a log-littered, pebble-strewn beach on the west coast. He is, of course, a slave to convention, although conditions admit of a certain amount of freedom. He was carving a pole for a storekeeper in a southern town, to be used like a barber's pole for a sign. His symbols could have no

The Thunderbird whose beak is now buried in the dust.

particular significance. What could it matter to the storekeeper whether his pole was crested with a hohhok, a thunder-bird, or a raven?

Yakuglas had selected a derelict cedar log, and worked on it where it lay. The sun was strong, so he worked in the shade of a strip of canvas put up like an awning. There he sat astride the log, hacking away not too assiduously with an adze, and chewing gum. His world was a pleasant place. He looked very happy, full of "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy." He welcomed me with a broad grin, and although his English was halting, we spent a good day in talk.

I expressed concern as to the future of his art. Would its traditions die with him? He had trained his son, he replied, in the mysteries of local totemism and in the craft of carving, but the youth had gone to Victoria far to the south, swapping a noble profession for what was, I am sure, a menial job. He looked soberly across the channel as he spoke to the snow-capped mountains beyond as though he perceived and regretted the passing of the old things, of all the picturesque customs and rituals and various manifestations of the tribal spirit.

He told many legendary tales, but they are hardly worth repeating. Dr. Marins Barbeau, in an exhaustive but very interesting account of totem poles of the Gitksau, Upper Skeena River, B.C., relates the myth of Strong-man, which is characteristic and far more exciting than any told me by Yakuglas. "A hunter and his wife once were hunting away from the village. While the hunter was away one night, his wife disappeared. He followed the tracks and found out that she had been taken away by a giant. When he discovered the monster he shot arrows at him, but to no avail, until he discovered his only vulnerable spot—the palm of his hands wherein appeared the figure of a heart. He saved the giant's offspring, who became the mythic Strong-man. Strong-man eventually caused the death of his protector, and killed all the people but two virgins, who were then living in seclusion. He gathered their eyes and tongues in a basket, and was preparing to cook them for a meal, when the virgins discovered him, and through a ruse, caused his death. They burnt his remains, and, recovering the eyes and tongues of their relatives, restored their tribesmen to life. But through their mistake in sorting out the missing parts, they caused many people to be cross-eyed or more talkative than they used to be. The mythic being, Strong-man, is represented on Mountain man's pole on the presumption that these virgins were among his family ancestors." Strong-man is the topmost figure on the pole of Gyaldern-Skanees at Hagwelget.

Poles on the water

It is impossible to discuss the significance of all the strange forms that comprise a pole—they are innumerable, but many are recognizable. The bear, the whale, the dog and the eagle appear constantly, but necessarily distorted in scale and attitude to fit the contours of the log upon which they are carved. Thus a Brobdignagian Kingfisher perches on the flukes of a Lilliputian whale whose pose is obviously acrobatic, and it may in turn be balanced on the head of a wolf. But each device has some bearing on the pedigree or the achievements of the man whom it commemorates. The pole may be described as heraldic.

I was more interested in Yakuglas as a craftsman, however, than as an interpreter of myths, or as a blazoner of the badges of tribal chieftains. He worked whilst he talked, and I had ample opportunity for observing his methods. He used two tools mostly, an adze for shaping, and a long blade, handled as a cooper handles a drawing knife, for finishing, and he owned a chisel and a gouge. He used the chisel for making slots to take the spreading wings of the thunder-bird which would top the pole; these and such other protruberances as would exceed the capacity of the log he fashioned separately.

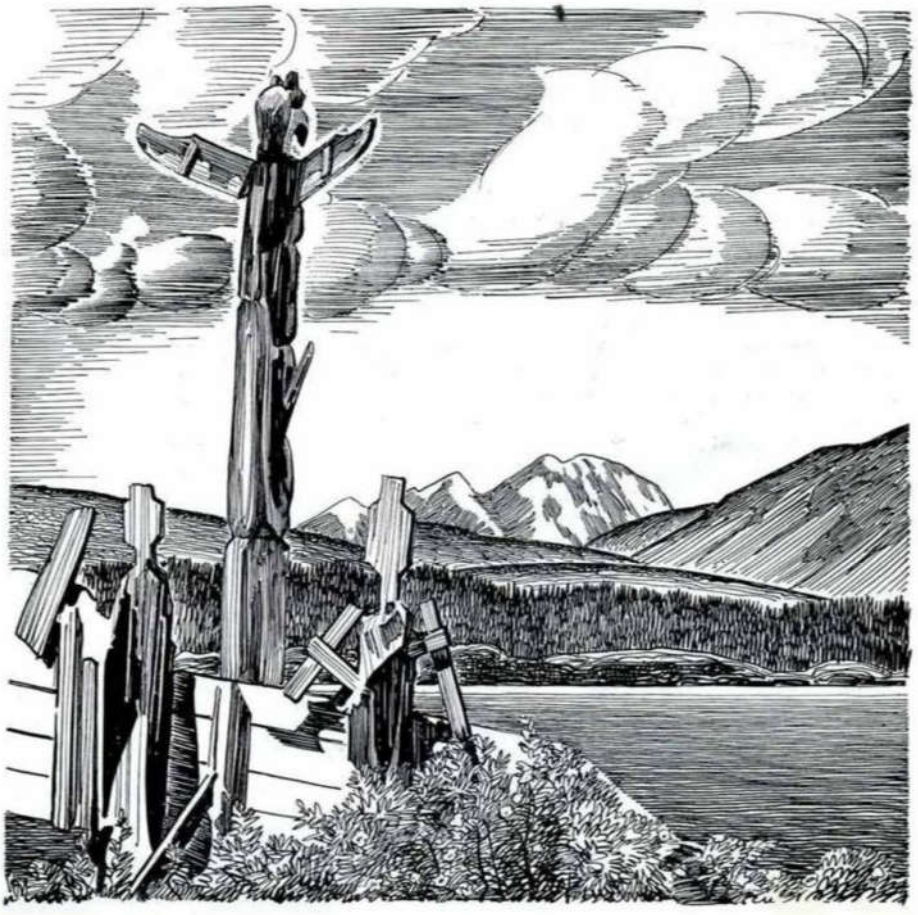
When he had finished carving the pole, he would, he said, paint it, most likely with house paint, although that does not accord with traditional practice. The native method of preparing pigments was a troublesome one. Salmon eggs chewed with cedar bark was the agglutinant with which the pigments were ground. Stone pestles and mortars were used. Coal made a good strong black. Yellow, brown and red earth (ochre), cinnabar, berry juice, spruce sap yielded attractive colours, and fungus from the hemlock gave them an alternative range—yellow when it was decayed and desiccated, red when roasted, black when charred. Native paint has a more agreeable surface texture than house paint, but it must be a grief to prepare.

The erection of the pole presents few difficulties, but the job must be done well, for when the pole falls it is left to rot where it lies. There was a magnificent effigy of a thunderbird surmounting a grave at Alert Bay. I made a drawing of it. A few years later I passed that way again and saw it prone, its proud beak half buried in the soil, and there it still lies unless it has been chopped up to feed a fire. Sometimes when a pole begins to lean it is propped up, but otherwise no care is taken of them.

Yakuglas told me all this and more. He took me into his workshop. There he makes miniature poles and other carvings that sell readily to tourists. I asked him to make a pair for me. These were later delivered to the Indian agent and mailed to my home; they grace the mantelshelf, constantly reminding me of the pleasant day I spent with the artist. Afterwards he sent me a model of a dugout canoe equipped with paddles, seal spear, and, for good measure, a symbolic seal for spearing. To be accurate, only one of the carvings is a pole; the other Yakuglas described as a Zunuk, a weird and wonderful figure with a mouth extending to the nape of the neck. The mouth seems to have a peculiar fascination for the Kwakiutyl; often

front at Alert Bay.

The poles at Alert Bay turn towards the Nimpkish Mountains.



the entrance of a community house was the mouth of some carved creature comprising the lower part of the lodge pole. Zunuks always seem to have been equipped with mouths like this; they were made for festive occasions—the name might be translated as clown—and with help may have protruded and retracted a wagging tongue for the amusement of the assembled tribe; or puffed out smoke and flames to the same end. I came across one or two large specimens.

A further type of wood sculpture is presented by house posts. These in pairs supported the huge fluted rafters of the community house, and were either single figures or simple groups varying from ten to fifteen feet in height.

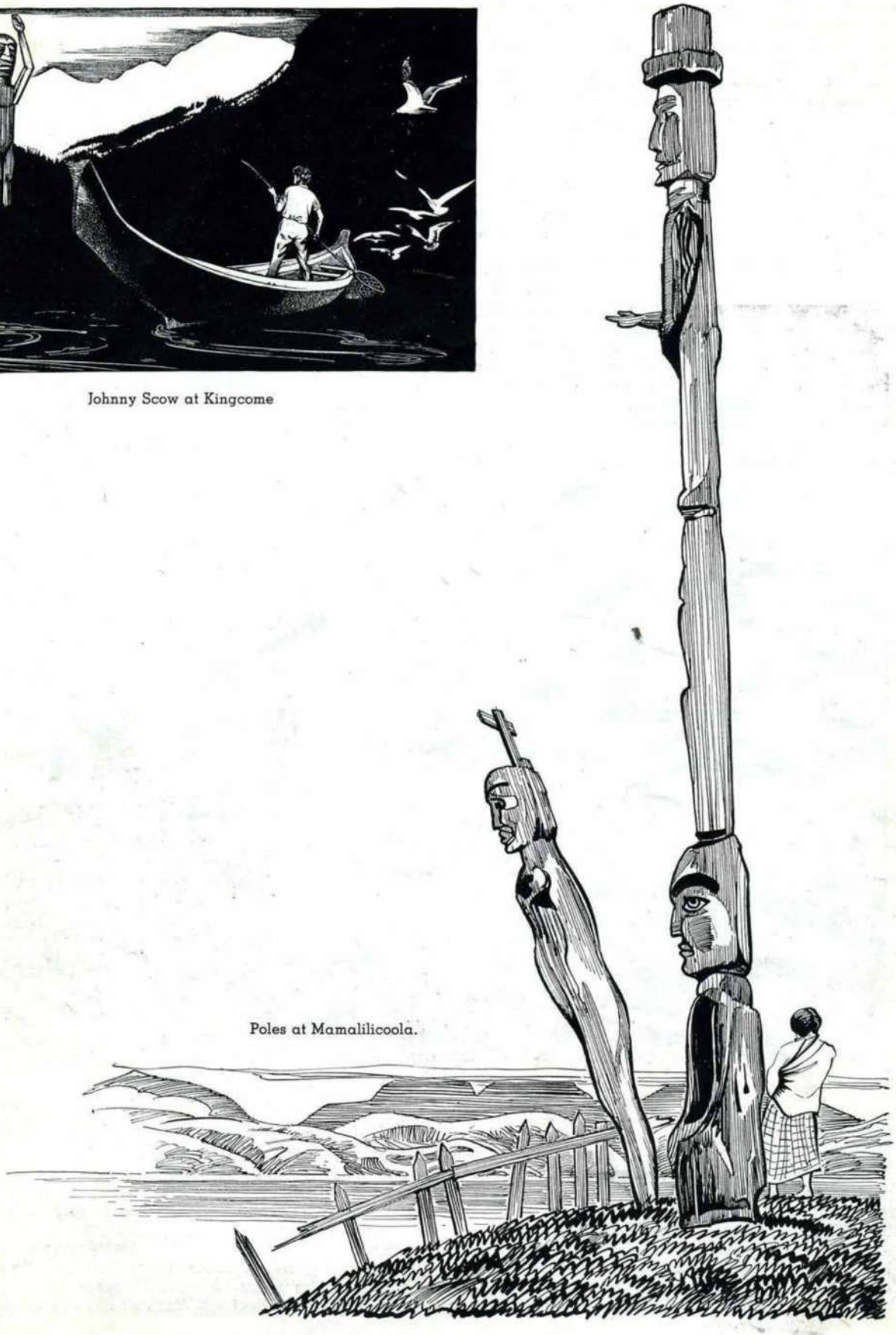
Few poles remain in Alert Bay. The finest, forty feet high, was moved to Stanley Park in Vancouver, and as one of a group of four, two of which are house posts, is accessible to students and sightseers. Yakuglas said he carved three of these, though in a brochure describing the group the Reverend John C. Goodfellow does not identify any carver with any one of them. In the long street of the native village there are two splendid house posts and one decaying pole, and in the grave-yard there are half a dozen or so in good shape. But the display there is disappointing, though the town itself, in its character as the Papeete of the North Pacific, is interesting enough.

With the idea of finding a more generous assortment of carved monuments we started out by boat for an island more remote, named Village Island, which harbours, as the name implies, a number of Indian villages. The *Anne* was a troller, powered by a small gas engine, and boasting a cabin, a cuddy, and a well deck. Two slept in the cabin whilst I occupied the deck, and that was the limit of the accommodation. I consider I had the best of it. Below there were faint but inescapable odours against which I was not inured. The engine, the bilge, the cook stove, the pantry, and the bunk, were crowded together below deck. However, I recall no feeling of especial discomfort. The worst feature was the small engine; we found it hard and at times impossible to buck the tide.

Late in the afternoon of the first day we dropped anchor in a little bay at the mouth of Knight Inlet. On a narrow ledge between the dense forest and the sea stood the village of Tsatsisnukomi—a single broken line of wooden dwellings, weathered gray. There were community houses— square fronted barracks—both habitable and derelict, and a few shacks in the American style. A fine canoe with a painted

Mamalilicoola, B.C.

Johnny Scow at Kingcome

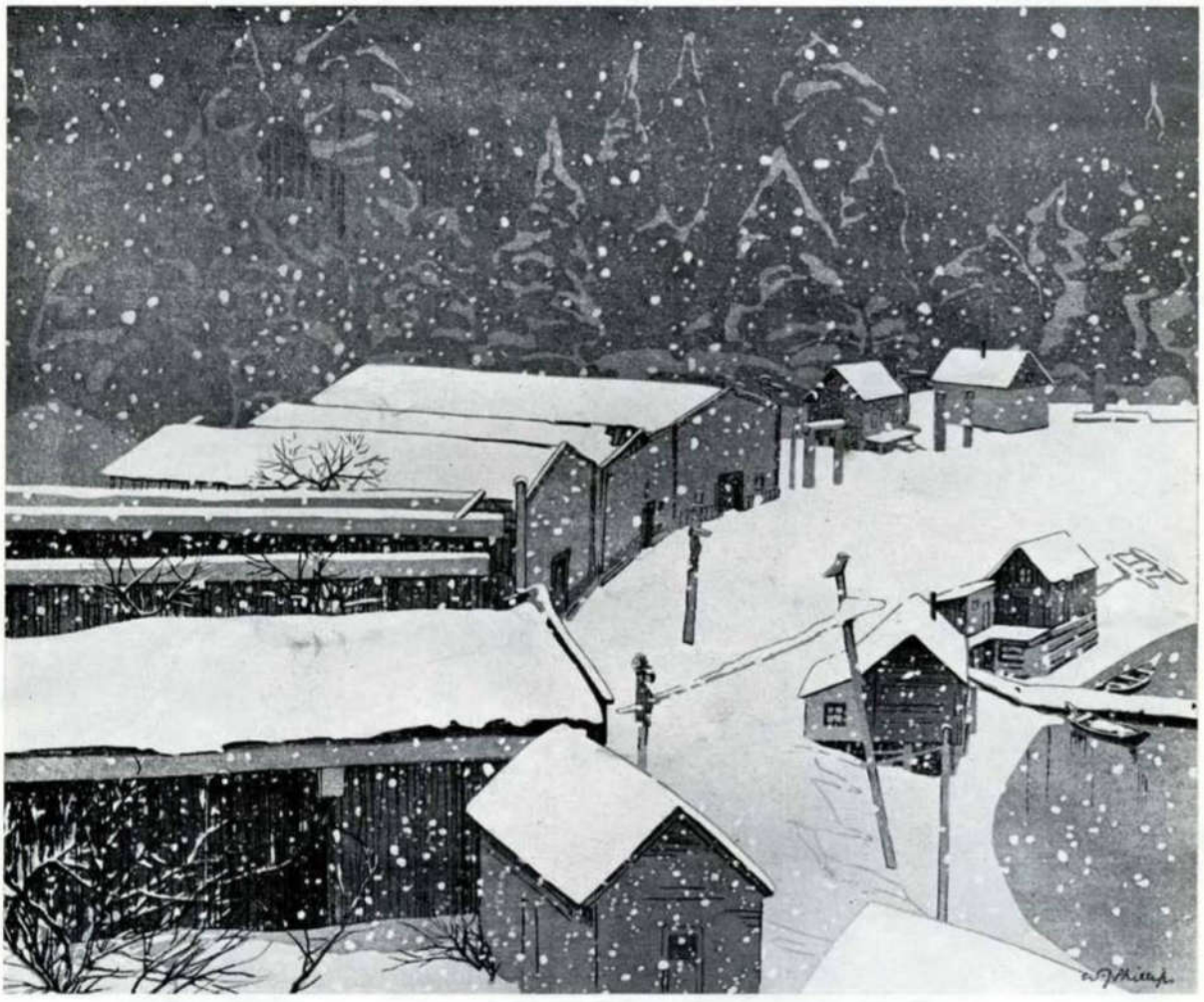


Poles at Mamalilicoola.

prow lay on the beach. Only one poor pole was visible, and a few house-posts within the dismantled dwellings. Bob and I rowed ashore in the dinghy, and I prowled around whilst he returned to the *Anne*. The place was deserted save by an army of large and loathsome slugs and, as it seemed, the ghosts of dead Indians. It was a damp and eerie spot, and I was relieved when I had finished my sketching and might with a clear conscience hail Bob to pick me up. We found an anchorage for the night in a more sheltered bay abreast of an abandoned mission.

The following day we made the island. We approached Mamalilicoola, the largest village, in a mist. The channel meandered among rocks, reef, and wooded isles, which revealed themselves with hazardous reluctance. Fortunately our pace was leisurely. Once abaft the beam there loomed dimly a somewhat staggering apparition—a dead-white sea serpent of great length. It was, we reassured ourselves, a mortuary monument. That small island reserved for burials, supported a regular circus of mythical beasts, set up like wayside billboards. Isolated by the mist, floating as it seemed above the surface of the sea, that horrendous sea serpent was decidedly startling, momentarily. Some of these wood sculptures do affect one strangely. I shall never forget my first sight of "Johnny Scow" who was set up near the mouth of the Kingcome River as a welcome to strangers. This *monstrum horrendum* is a single nude figure carved from a huge cedar log of which the lower portion serves as a pedestal. His arms are raised towards heaven, his grotesque grinning face is turned towards the sea. The river flats on which he stands are covered with coarse grass and are bare of trees, which made the uncouth monument which arose before us all the more imposing and incongruous.

Bob decided against landing, since the tide was unfavourable, and we lay for the night in an adjacent bay. Sunshine dispelled the mist in the morning. I stepped ashore with a light heart and a heavy pack and picked up the trail to the village, distant a mile or more. It was an ancient trail, blazed but otherwise imperceptible, and lay through a forest of gigantic trees which branched at a great height and whose foliage converted the light of day into a cool green twilight. There was no underbrush. On this strange island it seemed as unreal and fantastic as the woods in "Dear Brutus." And so at length I entered

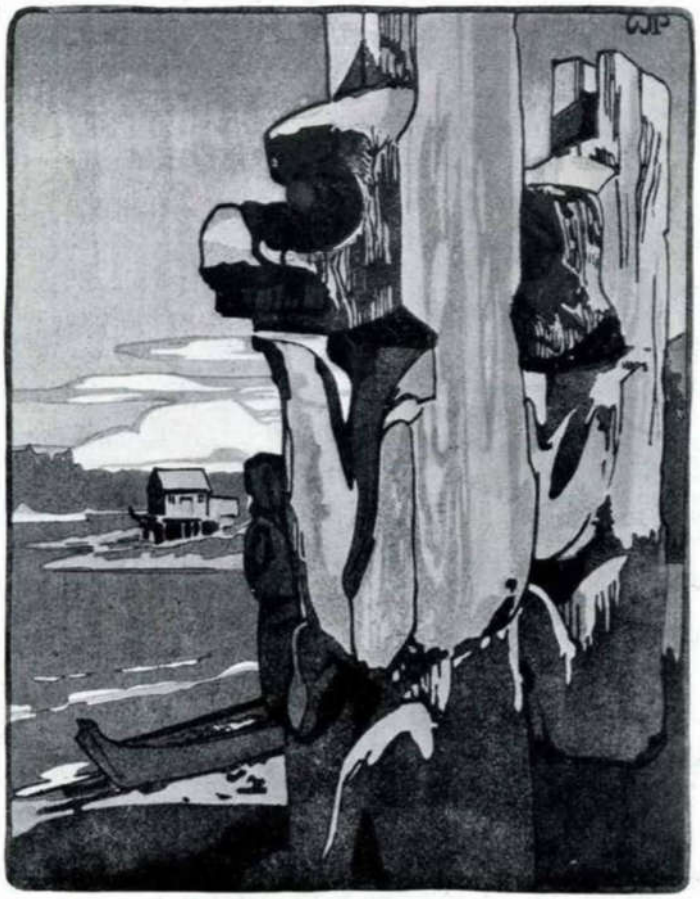


Karlukwees, B.C.

the village suddenly from the back, along an alley between two great community houses. Chickens fled squawking among the nettles, here growing to the astonishing height of eight feet or more. The buildings were made, I saw, of split cedar "shakes." I saw as I emerged into the open that the plan of the village was the same as that of Tsatsisnukomi: a narrow clearing along the waterfront, the buildings disposed in an orderly line with a strip of grassy bank left between them and the beach. The number of floating docks indicated a good deal of canoe traffic.

From my point of view Mamalilicoola was a satisfactory village. It contained a few poles, one of them a good one, and a variety of house-posts, and a good collection of odds and ends such as oil-bowls piled up in the atrium of a large community house. Being a winter village, I saw only a few people and a few dogs. The inhabitants were away fishing, but I had opportunities of examining the interiors of the houses and these, I found, differed not at all from the houses of Canadians as distinct from Indians—people in more accessible places. There were gramophones, kitchen cabinets, and carpets, photographic enlargements and cook-stoves; and in one large dwelling I saw a full sized billiard table. Whether these modern furnishings or the barbaric monuments were anachronistical, I could not decide, but certainly the contrast was staggering. But the same changes were perceptible in the people. An attractive young matron often came out to talk whilst I was sketching; she was dressed as tidily as the average city housewife, and she spoke intelligently in good English. Then there were representatives of an older generation, who spoke no English, who were wrapped in blankets, whose skins were dark and whose habits were less cleanly. I tried to establish friendly relations with a man of this type and his wife, unsuccessfully. She shouldered all the burdens and paddled the canoe; he led the life of Riley.

We stayed at Mamalilicoola for several days, hoping that Miss O'Brien would return. She is an English lady who has built a cottage there, and is, I know, very helpful to the community. When eventually we did meet—it was at Kingcome some years later—I appreciated her comments on the village greatly. Miss O'Brien has made an exhaustive study of Kwakiutyl songs and dances, and I urged her to make a permanent record of them.



Siwash House Posts.

We moved to Karlukwees, the most beautiful of the three villages, whose clean white beach borrowed its shape from the new moon. Houses faced the sea in a single row and showed few signs of ruin and decay. Here are some original carvings, including a covey of hoh-hoks—mythical birds resembling Kingfishers, and a pair of red ruffians each shouldering a rum-keg. In my mind these villages cannot be disassociated from their settings—the mountains and the sea which surround them, and the clouds which alternately reveal and obliterate them, wholly or in part.

An Attempt to Visit Fort St. James

by James McCook

FORT St. James to me means frustration. When other men are jilted and speak of the quiet and peace of the grave, I think of what happened at Fort St. James and then we have pleasant times discussing the relative merits of cyanide and gun-barrel-in-the-mouth-toe-on-the-trigger methods of leaving this vale of tears.

Before Fort St. James I knew only Bowfort and Casa Loma. Bowfort was highly unsatisfactory because there was so little in the way of ruins; Casa Loma failed because there was too much ruin. After humps in the grass and towering Gothic arches one longs for a fort, just a common or garden fort with low buildings, a few nice Indian legends and a graveyard. Or, if you want to express your longing in the virile western style, you ache for the raw, red meat of history, for old stone walls which trembled when the cannon roared, for smoke-blackened rafters which echoed the songs of the voyageurs, for age-worn tables at which sat the great men of the fur-trade.

When the hunger comes there is no resisting. Sooner or later you will stub your toe on a rusty cannon at Fort Prince of Wales, distress comfortable clubmen at Lower Fort Garry or debate with airmen at Fort St. James.

A man driving a quicksilvery Ford coupe landed me at Fort St. James one August afternoon. We had played at hare and tortoise all the way from Vanderhoof, which the C.N.R. deigns to recognize in northern British Columbia. Either we progressed at breakneck speed and let the fenders fall where they cared or we ground along at five miles an hour while I was told about the size and trajectory of the mammoth mosquitoes of the north. If it was not mosquitoes it was black flies. I clutched my bale of mosquito netting firmly and did nothing more than turn pale.

We finished our jaunt in a blaze of glory with the accelerator lost beneath the floorboard and a nice grade down to Stuart Lake. We flashed past a signboard on which I saw the words "Simon Fraser."

"Ah," I bellowed, "that must be the road to the old fort itself."

"Yep," said he. "It's been Fort St. James for a long time."

"It's been Fort St. James for how long?" Honestly I couldn't help it. The question just popped out. The man changed before my eyes. Before, everything had been merry and bright. Besides mosquitoes and black flies we had discussed gold (I was on my way to see a gold producing district); we had chatted about aeroplanes (he was an airman); we had said the Government was not a good thing (he was C.C.F.), and we agreed the railway journey from Edmonton to Vanderhoof could be compared to Pilgrim's Progress, but like Christian the train always wins through just when it has been decided the engineer is the Ancient Mariner.

"Yeah. Quite a yarn. How heavy's your suitcase?"

As I say, the man changed before my eyes.

"You interested in that old place?" he asked suspiciously.

"Why, yes, sure I am. Always like old places. Loads of romance. Do you know Simon Fraser and John Stuart founded this fort in 1806? It's the first white settlement in British Columbia? Isn't that great stuff?"

"Yeah," he muttered, looking at me strangely. "Great stuff. Yeah!"

He might have said "Yeah!" again, only we stopped at a beach where an

imposing green aeroplane had been drawn up.

"He's interested in the old buildings," said my companion to the pilot. "Says something about them being the first white settlement in B.C. Sounds fishy to me."

"Don't you ever read signs, you goop?" asked the pilot. "It says all that on the sign at the entrance to the fort. You pass it twice a day; you ought to know what it says."

Aha! I had found a kindred spirit.

"Great yarn that about how Douglas was almost killed by the Indians here," I commented cheerily, looking towards the pilot. "What these walls have seen —bloodshed, tears, sacrifice and valour!" I finished, out of breath and thinking it wasn't a bad sentence.

The pilot looked at me for a long time.

"Yeah," he said. "Quite a yarn. How heavy's your suitcase?" When he had estimated its weight we went aboard the plane and flew away, admiring the red roofs of Fort St. James and enjoying a few sentimentalities, unspoken, about the aged walls echoing to the motors of the modern age, the stirring of the ghosts of the pioneers by the thunder of man-made wings. Many spiritual bruises can be healed by such reflections if you go in for that sort of thing.

Now the gold mine was one thing and very nice too. But Fort St. James, the home of the great of the olden days, the outpost of Empire, the frail symbol of British heroism, the spearhead of the attack on the wilderness, the spot of civilization in the void of savagery, the shinning badge of the white man's power—Fort St. James, I say, drew me with the strength of wild horses, and if I knew any other things to call it I would use them too and let the printer throw himself in his linotype if he wants to.

When we got back to Fort St. James there were four pilots. Forthwith I tackled one.

"Now, mister," I said as if I wanted a cigarette card, "I've looked at gold and aeroplanes and Strong Men of the North. Now I want to see the Fort. I want to see old buildings reeking of romance and mildew. Even if there are hides that want tanning I don't care. I want to enjoy the finer things of life. I want . . ."

"Ah," says he. " 'The finer things of life.' Now we were thinking we won't be flying for a couple of days and we were thinking a little party might be a good thing. One of the finer things of life, you know. Just a little bit of welkin ringing."

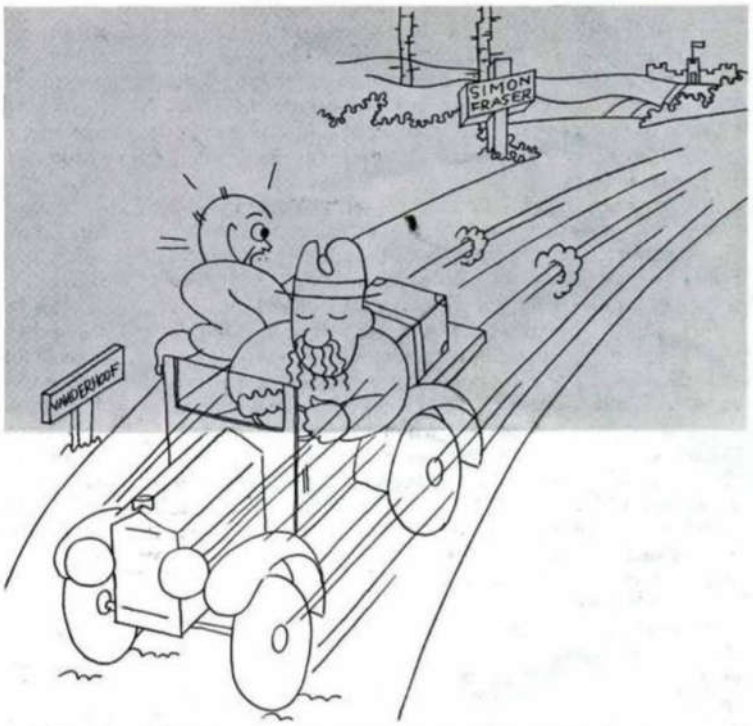
Next morning I assured them everything had been very, very nice, but I had to see Fort St. James. By some miracle of human endeavour we got started. Actually pilots were persuaded to guide me to the little cemetery where the names on the gravestones read like the roster of the Chief Factors of more than a century ago. As we were about to proceed to the Fort buildings and the highlight of the expedition, someone muttered: "Show him the wreck of the Junkers."

Now Fort St. James has been there over a hundred years and appeared good for a few more hours. But a Junkers is a transitory thing even if it is wrecked. This was an interesting wreck. Bits of the machine are scattered over half a mile of the lake shore. Not that an airman was similarily scattered over the shore, for the machine had been grounded by no more serious ailment than a difference of opinion with the authorities as to whether it should or should not be checked over. Once down, it was allowed to remain until the winds of winter and people who wanted a bolt for their bicycles caused it to look badly shopworn.

Having seen these things, we found it was dark. There is a paralysing finality about Fort St. James darkness. Cloaked in it you believe in Wendigos, water kelpies, werewolves and all the other things that go Womp! in the night.

In the morning, I had to go. Yes, the driver would be pleased to stop for a moment at the old buildings. Perhaps we could even go in for a second.

"You know," said this Jehu, "this is a new truck. Pretty fine, too, but this fourth gear gets me down.



"What are ye groanin' for? Got a toothache?"

Once she's in, it may take me fifteen minutes to get her out." With that he sighed and slipped into fourth.

"Easy," I cried. "Here are the Fort buildings."

He pushed down the clutch pedal and pushed the gear lever. Nothing happened.

"Try again," I cried. Again nothing happened. The signboard with "Simon Fraser" on it slipped by.

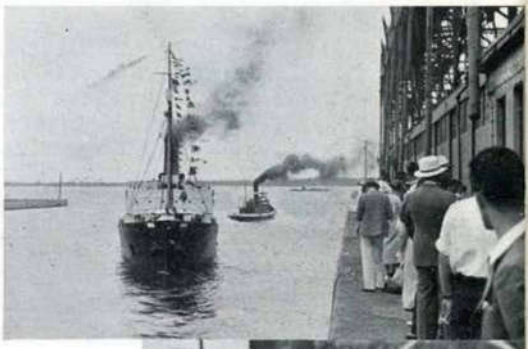
"Might as well forget it, buddy," said the driver. "It's downhill most of the way to Vanderhoof and if we're stuck fifteen minutes you'll miss your train. Nothing to see anyway."

"What are ye groanin' for? Got a toothache?"

Two-Sixty-Eight

When the same thing has happened once a year for 267 years, the 268th time would ordinarily be a very commonplace affair. But the sailing of the Arctic supply ship "Nascopie" on the Company's 268th annual voyage into Hudson's Bay was still "headline" news.

ON July 10th the *Nascopie* left Montreal on a voyage which will take her 10,346 miles and bring her back to Halifax on September 27th. There is the usual unusual cargo of everything from funny papers to Christmas plum puddings (including a baby carriage lashed to a mast on deck) and the 1000 ton cargo means the year's supplies for most of the Eastern Arctic posts.



The list of passengers included new apprentices looking forward to their first five year stretch in the North; icthyologists, geodesists and many other "ists" on Government expeditions; "Mounties" returning from furlough; a bride-to-be of a Port Chimo missionary carrying her own wedding ring, and C.B.C. radio engineers making tests on the advisability of inaugurating radio programs from the Arctic Circle.

Continuing the Company spirit of expansion and progress the *Nascopie's* hold contained materials for a new post and four new private commercial short wave radio stations. The post will be established by Chief Trader William Gibson on Bellot Strait between the mainland of Canada and North Somerset Island and will serve as a connecting link between the Eastern and Western Arctic. It will be named Fort Ross after Commander Ross, who led the last expedition into Prince Regent Inlet in 1834. The radio stations will be a very important means of communication with a formerly distant civilization and will be located at:

CZ4T, Cape Dorset, Baffinland. N.W.T.;
CZ5H, Arctic Bay, Admiralty Inlet, N.W.T.;
CZ4Y, Cape Smith, P.Q.;
CZ5R, Leaf River, Ungava Bay, P.Q.

And so—TWO-SIXTY-EIGHT.

Left to right:

10 a.m.—Pulling Away.

Major D. L. McKeand, head of the government party.

Captain Thomas Smellie.

W. K. Queen of Boston, a tourist, Chief Engineer on the 1933-34 Byrd Antarctic Expedition with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Finnie, government cinematographers and "Beaver" contributors.

R.C.M. Police at ease.

Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Turner, with Miss Turner. The baby, en route with her parents for Fort Harrison, was a very patient model for everyone with a camera.

Fur Trade Commissioner Ralph Parsons.

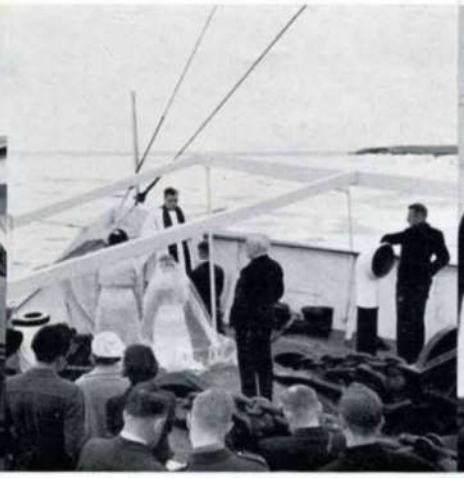
Chief Trader W. Gibson bound for Bellot Strait to establish Fort Ross.

10.02. Captain Smellie has a good start.

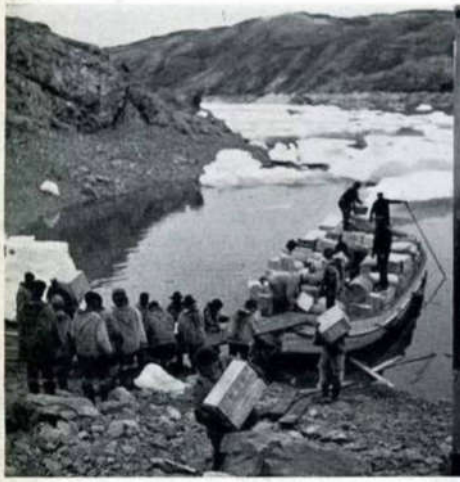
ON THE "NASCOPIE" FROM MONTREAL TO CHURCHILL

Photos by Richard Finnie and J. W. Anderson

An Eskimo band meets the boat at Hebron, Labrador.

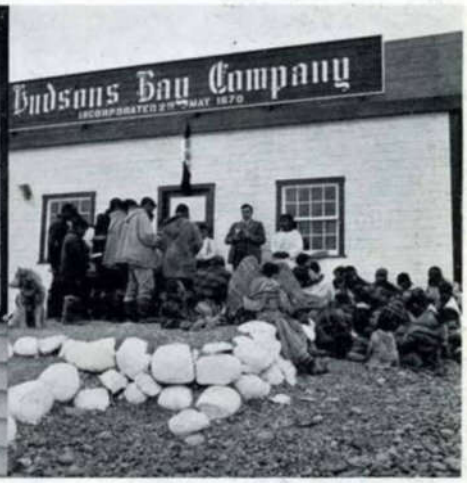


Miss Kathleen Taylor of Hamilton, Ontario, travelled by the "Nascopie" to join her future husband, Reverend Ronald Wenham, missionary at Fort Chimo. They were married aboard the ship at Port Burwell by Reverend Arthur Turner.



Landing freight at Lake Harbour, Baffinland.

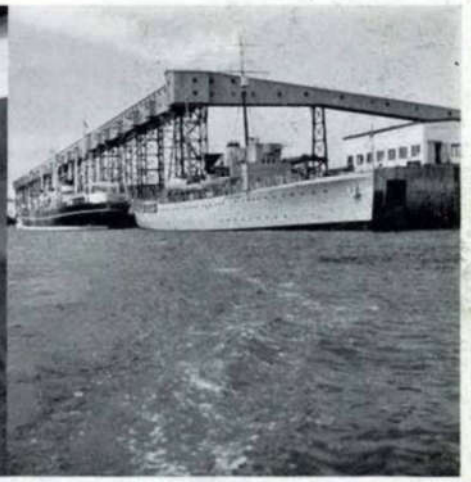
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Webster, bride and groom, taking over the Company Post at Cape Smith.



Eskimo Service at Cape Smith led by Reverend Arthur Turner.

Going ashore at Port Harrison. Back Row: J. Cantley, Assistant Fur Trade Commissioner and L. Adey, Third Officer. Front Row: Superintendent Fletcher of the R.C.M. Police with Miss C. Ely and Mrs. R. Finnie, tourists.

Frank Willis, C.B.C. announcer, conducting tests for future C.B.C. broadcasts from the Arctic.

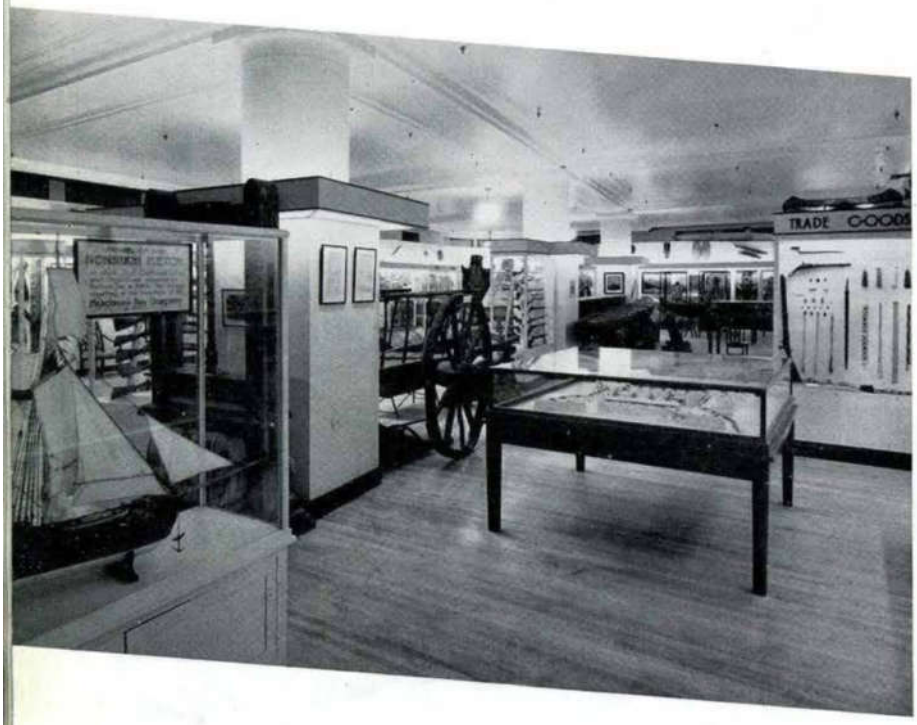


The H.M.S. "Scarborough" of the Royal Navy in Churchill Harbour. This is the first naval craft to visit the Arctic in modern times. In the background is the "Jean L. D."

Reorganization of th

By CLIFFORD P.

The excellence of Mr. Wilson's reorgan ance figures for the first six weeks the Over six thousand persons signed the from every province in Canada, Newfo States, there were representatives fro



LAST November, the Historical Exhibit in the Vancouver store was closed up, and the collection, consisting largely of fort and ship models, sent down to be incorporated in the Winnipeg Exhibit.

This alone would have necessitated the rearrangement of the latter, but there were other factors that made a complete reorganization obligatory. Since its opening in a small room of the old Main Street store on June 19, 1922, the Winnipeg collection had grown considerably, and although it had been moved to much larger quarters in the new Portage Avenue store, it had become lamentably overcrowded.

Moreover, most of the display cases had become obsolete, and the material, originally grouped under Fur Trade, Indian and Eskimo, and Transportation, had overflowed its boundaries. The lighting, too, left much to be desired; the labels were generally uninviting; and the low, false beamed ceiling, put up originally to lend an air of antique rusticity to the place, succeeded rather in emphasizing the musty atmosphere too often associated with an historical museum.

This, at any rate, was my first impression on entering the place towards the end of last February, fresh from an inspection of some of the most up-to-date museums in the United States. Realising that, in recent years, great strides have been made in this field, the Company had sent me on a two weeks' tour of museums in New York, Newark, Rochester, Buffalo, and Chicago, so that I might learn the latest methods of display, lighting, labelling, arrangement, and so on; and the experience thus gained proved invaluable for the task in hand.

To begin with, the object of the H B C Exhibit, as set forth in a memorandum of 1921, was "to depict by means of relics, pictures, documents, models, etc., the history of the Hudson's Bay Company." In other words, the job, basically, was to tell a story, beginning with the foundation of the Company, and ending

e Historical Exhibit

WILSON, Montreal

ization work is reflected in the attend-
Exhibit was open in the Winnipeg store.
attendance record, and besides visitors
undland, and thirty-eight of the United
m eleven other countries of the world.

with a resumé of its varied activities today. The arrangement called for was therefore chronological—as it should be in any history museum. The difficulty was to do justice to all phases of the tale, in proportion to their relative importance. Thus the material on hand was preponderantly Eskimo and Plains Indian, but to display most of it would overbalance the story in their favour. On the other hand, material pertaining to the Northwesters, who played so important a part in the building up of the Hudson's Bay Company after 1821, was very scarce.

The fact had to be kept in mind, also, that the story was primarily one of trade, and that, interesting as the art of the aborigines might be, it had to be treated from the trade angle. The contrast, then, to be stressed in every case, was the difference made in the aboriginal arts and crafts by the coming of the Company traders.

Thus, if porcupine quill work was to be shown, it should be with the aim of comparing it with the later bead and silk work made possible by the white man's trade articles. And if stone and bone implements were to be displayed, it was to be done primarily to show what sort of primitive artifacts were displaced by the trader's goods of iron and steel.

The tale, in fact was to be kept rigidly within the confines of the Hudson's Bay Company—just like a book on the same subject. And in doing so, it was found necessary to weed out all sorts of "curios," interesting in themselves to Winnipeggers and other westerners, which had somehow crept into the collection, but which had nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand.

It was not considered necessary, however, that every object in the collection should be a so-called "relic" (that odious word which has probably done more than any other to foster the popular conception of museums as mausoleums). The purpose of each object in a museum is to illustrate some point in the story, and it can frequently serve that purpose whether it is old or new.

Thus in the 1748 Trade Goods case, which appears in one of the illustrations to this article, four objects—a piece of broadcloth, a piece of flannel, a row of hawkbells, and a small mirror—came right off the counters of the Winnipeg retail store; while four others—a stick of tobacco, an awl blade, a curved knife blade, and a 3½-Point H B blanket—came from the Winnipeg fur trade depot. It is true that all these are machine made rather than hand made, but otherwise they are true replicas of the trade goods of 1748—just as the new furs in the Raw Furs case are true replicas of those of 1668.

One of the axioms of display work, whether in store windows or museum cases, is that moving objects are much more attractive than stationary ones. In science museums, such as the one in Rockefeller Centre, this problem is comparatively easily met; but history museums offer very little scope in this line, other than objects on turntables which revolve at the press of a button or turn of a crank. However, the jacket of the history of the H B C, "The Honourable Company," gave me an idea for at least one moving exhibit—a series of cut-out figures passing slowly in review behind a small aperture.

The artist of the jacket, W. A. Winter, was approached and executed a series of twenty-five coloured sketches, which were cut out and affixed to the circumference of a wheel four and a half feet in diameter and about three inches thick. Those on the front of the wheel are single figures four inches high: those on the back are longer, and in smaller scale, and represent such objects as a canoe, a dog-team and sleigh, a York boat, and so on. The wheel is attached to an electric motor and reduction machine, so that it turns very slowly, and the whole enclosed in a case with a small lighted window at the eye level. When the switch is closed, the light goes on and the wheel begins to revolve.

First comes an English courtier of 1670, next a sailor of the period, then a fur-trader, then an Indian with a beaver skin, and so on, passing through the strife and union with the N. W. Co., Simpson's regime, and the surrender of the West, up to the final scene which depicts a modern H B C store delivery truck with a uniformed messenger bringing in a parcel. Thus in eighty seconds is told in synoptic form the history of the past 267 years.

This exhibit can be placed anywhere that it can be plugged in. At present it stands at the entrance to the Exhibit, so that the visitor is first of all presented with a short summary of what he is going to see. From there he passes on into the main body of the room, some hundred feet long by forty-five feet wide, divided down the centre by a row of columns and cases. Beginning at the Founding, he follows the progress of the Company right round the room up to the present day.

In the illustrations it will be seen that the "chapter headings" to the story are denoted by cut-out lettering along the top of the light-trough. Those on the side of the trough refer to what is in the upright cases below. Thus the visitor is enabled to take in the situation at a glance.

The first section, Founding is necessarily limited in the main to pictures, maps, and documents. But there is also a fine model of the *Nonsuch* ketch of 1668, and the case of raw furs; and in due time there will be a mounted beaver and a replica of a beaver hat of 1670, illustrating the reason why the Company was formed.

The second section deals with the early forts on Hudson's Bay, and depicts the struggles with the French, as well as the first explorations into the interior. This era is terminated by the case of trade goods referred to above. After that comes the North West Co. section, then the Selkirk Settlement, and then union with the North West Co. and the regime of Sir George Simpson.

This begins the fifty-year period of expansion, during which the Company rose to its greatest power, and the story widens out into the vast territorial divisions where it explored and traded and ruled. There are the Pacific Coast, Mackenzie Area, Arctic and Labrador, and Plains sections, and together they illustrate the epic tale of the peaceful penetration of half a continent by men of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Native handicrafts here occupy a good deal of the display space, to provide the necessary attraction and interest. But interspersed among them are articles of trade, showing how beads were substituted for porcupine quills, cloth for buckskin, thread for sinew, and metal weapons and utensils and ornaments for those of stone and bone and ivory.

The Plains section is naturally the most colourful, with its displays of brilliant beadwork, and an especially striking note has been added by the erection of a twelve-foot Stoney teepee in one corner. This is backed by a unique buffalo robe, worn by the famous Blackfoot chief, Crowfoot, and given by him as a wedding present to Chief Trader Hardisty in 1866.

From then on, the story becomes essentially one of life among the men of the Great Company. There is a large section devoted to Transportation, including a dozen ship models, both sail and steam, a birch bark

canoe, a dog cariole, and the nameboard from the S.S. *Beaver*, first steamship on the Pacific Ocean; while innumerable pictures show the various methods of transportation, past and present, by water, land, and air.

Next comes Life in the Posts, with a case of utensils, one of books, one of documents, one of small arms, and one of long arms. The geographical range covered by this section is immense. For instance, there is a lock and key from a post in Labrador, and a bell from a post in Alaska; a letter from Sir James Douglas at Fort Victoria, and a ledger from York Factory; a buffalo gun from the Plains, and a broadsword from Fort Nisqually.

There follows the After 1870 section, illustrating the transfer of the jurisdiction of the Northwest to the newly-formed Dominion of Canada, the consequent troubles with Riel and his halfbreeds, and the ensuing Government treaties with the Indians, in which H B C men acted as the indispensable go-betweens and peacemakers.

After that comes Fort Garry and Winnipeg, depicting the growth of the latter out of the former. And finally the 20th Century section, bringing the story up to date.

The last exhibit of all is a replica of a northern trading store, its shelves stocked with typical trade goods, and its walls hung with raw furs. The "factor" of this little post is a well-known Company old-timer, J. J. G. Rosser, who has worked in the fur-trade department for fifty-two years, and has plenty of tales to tell the visitors while he sells them H B C coffee, tea, or postcards, tobacco, blankets, or blanket coats. It is impossible to carry all the varieties of the last two lines, but in this the little store acts as a sort of display window for the larger stocks on the lower floors of the building.

Thus the concluding exhibit not only illustrates the basis of all the Company's far-flung operations, but also strikes a final note of life and activity, very different from the air of death and stagnation so often associated with the old-style museum.

And this atmosphere or vitality will be maintained in other ways, by periodically changing the exhibits. One of the mistakes commonly made by small museums is to show everything they have at once. Thus, once seen, always seen, except for the odd acquisition that comes in from time to time. A far better way is to exhibit only a part of the collection, so that a fresh turnover can constantly be made by exchanging part of what is on view for part of the reserve collection, and rearranging what remains to stress some other point in the story. Emphasizing this constant rearrangement, a museum in the States has adopted as its slogan: "If you have not seen our museum in the past six months, you have not seen it."

Some of the Company's reserve collection is in storage, some in small travelling collections, and some on view in the fur-trade offices in Winnipeg. By a simple process of exchange, it is planned to freshen up all three exhibits perennially.

To this end, the mechanics of the Exhibit itself have been made easily adjustable. The upright cases are automatically lit from above wherever they are placed under the light trough against the wall. The cut-out signs are easily removable. And the alcove cases, which stand out from the walls at right angles, can be simply adjusted to show (1) firearms, (2) objects displayed vertically, or (3) large objects that can be viewed from all sides.

Needless to say, the job of reorganization was a complicated one, embracing as it did the checking off of each item in the Vancouver collection, weeding out of unsuitable material from both collections, selection of suitable material from storage, designing of cases and lighting system, layout of the whole Exhibit, compilation of signs and labels, hanging of pictures, installation of objects and labels in the cases, and a multiplicity of other small details.

Moreover, it was something of a rush order, as the Exhibit had to be opened, if possible, in time for the tourist season, and all the equipment—with the exception of a few of the more up-to-date cases—had to be constructed. But we closed the old museum in March, and with all the innumerable resources of a great modern department store to call upon, we managed to finish the job pretty well on schedule.

Mr. Percy Harrison, an employee of the Company since 1916 and now permanent secretary of the Store Beaver Club, was a most valued assistant during the rehabilitation. He is now acting on the Exhibit staff and because of his enthusiasm and store of knowledge is a very important factor in the success of the Exhibit.

The very full co-operation of W. D. Price, Maintenance Foreman, W. E. Calder, Chief Engineer, L. G. Webb, Display Manager, and their staffs, was very much appreciated and made it possible that on June 19—its own fifteenth birthday—an enlarged and completely modernised Historical Exhibit opened its doors to an eager public.

THE COMPANY NEWS REEL

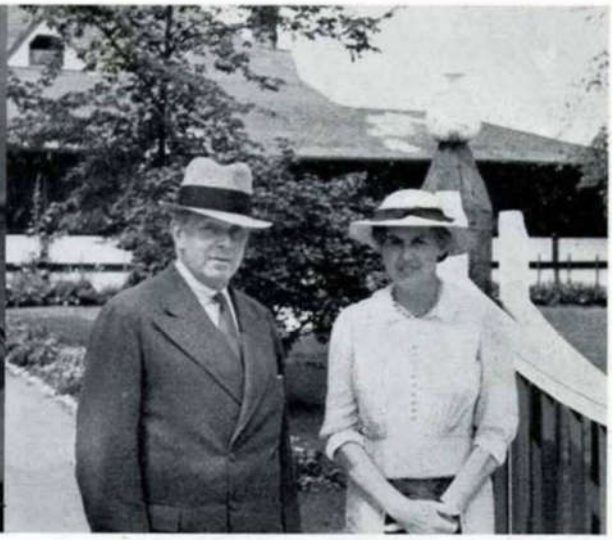
The Canadian Committee examines entries in the Wholesale Department's Tea and Coffee bag design contest. First prize, $100, went to H. M. Sedgwick and T. A. Simkins, Winnipeg Store.

His Excellency, the Governor General, makes a purchase in the Edmonton Store prior to his departure "down North" on his trip to the Arctic which has attracted such widespread interest.

Men of the Merchandise division, Retail Stores Department, did some hot weather conferencing in Calgary in June.

Above, left: F. F. Martin, General Manager Retail Stores, before calling an afternoon session to order.
Above, right: Ralph Carey, who was one of the Calgary hosts and is now Personnel Superintendent, Winnipeg Store.
Below, left: B. L. Haas, Assistant Merchandise Manager, Vancouver.
Lower, right: Dean of the Store Managers, A. J. Watson, Victoria, with C. N. Chubb the new Manager at Saskatoon.

Capt. Victor A. Cazalet, M.C., M.P., of the London Committee, greeted by Mr. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee, on his arrival in Winnipeg early in August.



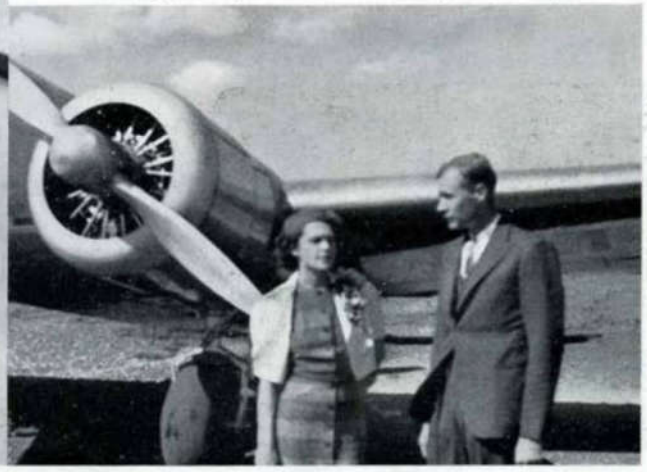
Mr. H. A. Reincke of the London Committee, with Mrs. Reincke, at Lower Fort Garry during their August visit to Canada.

Barkerville, B.C., end of the Cariboo Trail—525 miles from Vancouver. Famous Williams Creek which produced $80,000,000 of gold in one year is to right. Photo by R. M. W. Guthrie.

At the celebration of Kamloops 125th anniversary in July 1937. Left to Right: G. G. McGeer, Vancouver; J. J. Morse, Kamloops; Mayor G. C. Miller, Vancouver; Judge F. W. Howay; Mayor C. E. Scanlan, Kamloops; Chas. H. French, former Fur Trade Commissioner; Sir Francis Floud, K.C.B., British High Commissioner for Canada, and Lady Floud.

From the Calgary Store comes this midsummer camera study of a boy, a book and a dog. Hunter, books and stationery buyer who took the picture states that no conclusions are to be drawn respecting juvenile reading habits.

Margaret Bourke-White, photographer for "Life" about to leave Winnipeg for New York after several northern weeks mostly with the Governor General's party. On the right R. H. G. Bonnycastle of the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office.



"Down North, 1937," the morocco bound, gold stamped volume presented by the Company to His Excellency the Governor General on the occasion of his trip down the Mackenzie to the Western Arctic coast.

A. S. Hamilton, "Beaver" subscriber from Rochester, N.Y., tries big game hunting at Banff during "Indian Days" celebration.

George Klein, Manager of the Winnipeg Store, watches his drive from a high tee at Oak Bay, Victoria.

M.S. "Fort James" is now only a memory. This stout little ship was crushed in the ice off Coppermine in August.

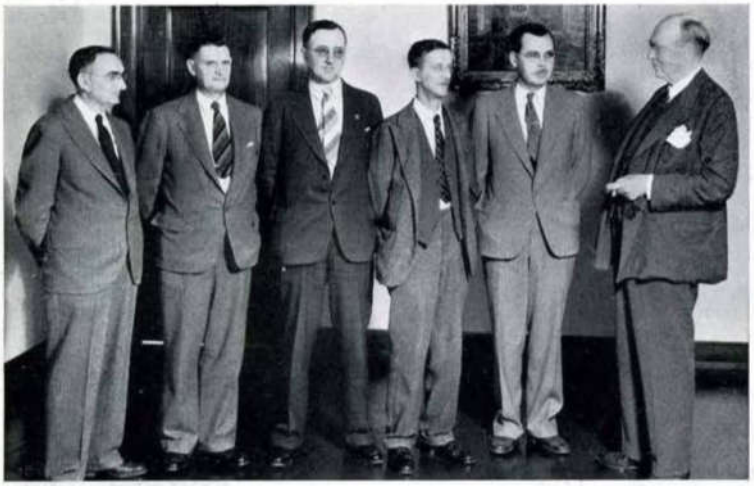
L. W. McCauley with seventeen years fur trade service behind him spent at Lac Seul, Pine Ridge and Cat Lake.

On the new frontier the Company is present. In the community of New Chicago in the oil field of Turner Valley, a selling unit has appeared. Photo E. W. Atkins, Land Department.

J. D. Sherwin and Miss Mabel Erickson, both of H B C Edmonton Store, photograph themselves—by the old string trick. Since then they have been married.

On the left: Norman Douglas formerly of the Vancouver Store Merchandise Office, now Manager in Calgary.

On the right: R. E. Stanfield, formerly Manager of the Calgary Store, now Manager Vancouver Store.



More medals, more bars, more holidays: another long service squad lines up for honours from Mr. G. W. Allan, K.C., Chairman of the Canadian Committee. Left to right: H. P. Warne (Manager Fur Purchasing Agencies), second silver bar, 25 years; J. K. Reid (Wholesale), gold medal, 30 years; A. B. Cumming (Fur Trade Depot), second silver bar, 25 years; H. Wells (Land Department), first silver bar, 20 years; C. D. Twiner (Fur Trade Commissioner's Office), first silver bar, 20 years.

Walter Wilson of Beaver House, London, examining Arctic white fox skins prior to the summer sales of 1937.

Richard Haliburton does an autographing job in the Vancouver Store with Brock Smith, Advertising Manager and John Hyslop, books and stationery buyer, helping.

Bruce Lemon of Dinorwic Post in his "put-put." Photo by R. M. W. Guthrie.

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

The last three months, covering the period of the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and the Imperial Conference, has been a busy time for everyone in London. To many of us, perhaps the most interesting feature of those memorable days was the meeting of men and women from every part of the Empire. London was, in fact, "at home" to the world, and now that the occasion has passed and we have returned to our normal routine, we realize to the full how much of our enjoyment at those formal and informal functions we derived from the presence of our visitors.

The Governor, Sir Edward Peacock and Captain Victor Cazalet were all present at the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey on the 12th May.

Their Majesties the King, the Queen and Queen Mary were graciously pleased to accept presents of furs from the Company at the time of the Coronation. The King received mink and Persian lambskins for the lining and collar of an overcoat and the Queen a marten cape. The Governor went to Marlborough House on the 11th May, to present Queen Mary with six white fox skins.

Mr. J. W. McConnell paid his first visit to London since his appointment to the Canadian Committee and came to Hudson's Bay House several times to confer with the Governor. We have also had the pleasure of seeing Mr. G. F. Klein, Manager of the Winnipeg store, and Mr. F. W. Gasston, Secretary of the Canadian Committee, during the last few weeks.

On the 7th May, the Governor entertained The Hon. J. H. Penson to lunch before he left to take up his position as Finance Commissioner in the Newfoundland Government.

St. Mary Woolnoth was dedicated on the 18th May, as the Church of British Columbia in the City of London. The service, which was conducted in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and the Lord Mayor of London, was attended by the Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper and Mr. Chadwick Brooks.

Towards the end of the month, the Governor and Committee gave several luncheon parties at Hudson's Bay House to entertain the distinguished Canadians who came over for the Coronation. Among those who came to these luncheons were The Hon. E. W. Hamber, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia; Colonel The Hon. Herbert Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; The Rt. Hon. E. Lapointe, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Justice; The Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources; Dr. O. D. Skelton, Under-Secretary of State of External Affairs; The Hon. G. Howard Ferguson; Chief Justice R. A. E. Greenshields; Sir John Aird; Mr. Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada; Mr. James Y. Murdoch and Mr. J. W. McConnell.

The Company had the pleasure of entertaining at Hudson's Bay House and Beaver House the parties which came over under the auspices of the National Council of Education of Canada. The first of these consisted of the Deputy Ministers of Education for the different provinces and the Superintendents of Schools, who were welcomed by the Governor after they had made a tour of the warehouse and inspected the Company's archives at Head Office.

On the 26th May and the 2nd June, came the Secondary School girls and boys respectively, numbering in all nearly two hundred. In each case these young people were shown the archives, pictures and other objects of interest at Hudson's Bay House before being escorted round the warehouse in small parties by our Fur Department staff. Subsequently they were given tea and shown films of the Company's activities in the North.

Among the boys were the two Indian students who joined the party by means of scholarships provided by the Hudson's Bay Company.

An important internal event during May was the splitting of the Joint Buying Office. After an association of nearly five years, we said good-bye to Mr. Graham and other members of The Robert Simpson Company's staff, who now have offices of their own in the West End. Mr. W. M. Thomson has been appointed Manager of our London Buying Department and we wish him the best of luck in his new position.

On the 16th June, the Governor and Mrs. Cooper again entertained the whole of the London staff of the Company at their country house. It was the first occasion that this most enjoyable function had been held at the Governor's new home, Hexton Manor in Hertfordshire.

The staff travelled down by motor coaches and the early part of the afternoon was spent seeing the large and beautiful grounds of the house; then followed tea and a whole programme of sports and games. The outing was, if possible, even more popular and successful than its predecessors, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Cooper for their kindness and hospitality. Sir Alexander Murray and Mr. Reincke were also at Hexton to join in the fun.

Mr. R. H. Wilson of our Edmonton Fur Purchasing Agency has arrived in London to study grading in the fur warehouse. He is taking the place of Mr. J. F. Topping, who has returned to Canada.

Our distinguished Canadian visitors—particularly, and quite naturally, the Deputy Ministers of Education and the Superintendents of Schools—displayed the greatest interest in our archives. In addition the following have been to study our records and documents: Mr. Vyvian Hiller of the Government Archives Department, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. Robert Flaherty, author of "Man of Aran" and other famous films; Professor Marcel Giraud; Professor Arthur S. Morton; Professor Walter N. Sage of the University of British Columbia; Professor W. S. Wallace, Secretary of the Champlain Society.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

An event of prime importance this summer was the trip of His Excellency the Governor-General to the Western Arctic and return. On the northern leg of the journey the Company was privileged to act as host to the vice-regal party, which travelled from Waterways to Aklavik on the H B C steamers *Athabasca River* and *Distributor*.

Lord Tweedsmuir was greatly interested in all he saw and did during the voyage and his visits to the northern settlements will long be remembered there. He met and talked with all classes, appealing to everyone with his informal manner and interest in their problems. He had already acquired a profound knowledge of Northern Canadian life and history through reading and few details were not the subject of his attention and enquiry.

The voyage north was favoured with exceptional weather conditions and the steamers made a record through run from Waterways to Aklavik in eleven days and a few hours. In the western farming districts the Governor-General's visit was credited with bringing much needed rain to the crops and in the north he is now associated with ideal weather for travelling.

A. S. Redfern, Secretary to the Governor-General, Mrs. Redfern and Lieut. S. G. Rivers-Smith, R.N., A.D.C., completed the vice-regal party. Col. H. G. Reid, Mackenzie River Transport Manager, and R. H. G. Bonnycastle were Company representatives on the trip. Mr. Bonnycastle was also privileged to return to Edmonton with the R.C.A.F. 'planes sent north for the purpose of bringing the Governor-General back to civilization.

The party visited Tuktuk, Cameron Bay and Coppermine by 'plane on the return journey, making it a very complete tour of the north. His Excellency was most appreciative of the arrangements made for his comfort by the Company and also spoke favourably of the administration and operation of the Company Posts which he saw and which certainly looked their best in honour of his distinguished visit.

We have had many noted visitors to the office during the past quarter including Mr. H. A. Reincke and Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.C., M.P., of the London Committee, and Elwyn Ingrams, Manager of the London Fur Department; Mr. W. D. Shaw, of Hill, Thomson & Company, Limited, Edinburgh, distillers of H B C whiskies, and Mr. Chas. Landau, of Landau & Cormack, manufacturers of Company tobaccos.

Captain V. A. Cazalet is at present making an inspection trip by aeroplane of the Mackenzie River and Western Arctic Districts, visiting Aklavik, Tuktuk, Cameron Bay, Coppermine and all inter-

mediate points. He is accompanied by J. Bartleman, district manager and Michael Lubbock.

Elwyn Ingrams travelled extensively throughout Canada during May and June. He first proceeded to Calgary, Vancouver and Seattle, returning via Jasper and Edmonton. He flew north to Fort Smith and back, then returned to Winnipeg where a week was spent in valuable conversations with the Fur Trade Commissioner and other officials. While in Winnipeg, Mr. Ingrams addressed the Western Canada Fur Breeders' Association convention on "The Marketing of Ranch Furs." His address was of much interest to the hundred and twenty odd fur farmers attending, who asked him many questions. Mr. Ingrams then proceeded to Montreal, Charlottetown, Moncton and New York, before sailing for England from Quebec on June 25th. He was accompanied successively on various stages of his travels throughout Canada by the Fur Trade Commissioner, Michael Lubbock, H. P. Warne and J. C. Donald.

Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, has added many miles to his travels during the last three months. The first week in June, accompanied by Elwyn Ingrams and Michael Lubbock, he flew from Edmonton to Fort Smith and return. Later in the same month, he visited Sioux Lookout and Hudson, while on June 27th he left for Montreal, visited Ottawa, and then sailed on the *Nascopie* for Hebron, Labrador. He returned from Hebron to St. John's, Newfoundland, on the *Fort Amadjuak* visiting posts en route, and at the date of going to press is on his way back to Winnipeg, visiting Eastern centres on the way.

The first apprentices, graduated in May from the training school, are all settled down at their respective posts, and according to reports, are enjoying their new life in the North. The second class of five trainees has also graduated, and left recently for the posts to which they have been assigned.

Several post managers and others have taken refresher courses in fur grading and merchandising in the school during the summer. These include R. B. Peat, Pelican Narrows; Bruce Clark, Fort Smith; J. Lawrie, Sandy Lake; E. J. Leslie, Lac la Ronge; A. Stewart, Deer Lake; R. Millard, Island Lake; D. C. Bullock, Island Lake.

W. M. Conn and Arthur Brock motored to Vancouver Island and back during their furlough in May.

We regret to state that, after paying a visit to the Old Country on furlough, E. W. Fletcher found the attractions so strong that he has decided to return there to live and is resigning his post here as from September 1st. All his friends wish him luck.

Miss J. Sweeting is also leaving to reside with her parents in Victoria.

Since May, J. C. Donald has travelled as far west as Calgary and east to Prince Edward Island, in the interests of Fur Consignments. On the way back from the east, he made an extended tour of Quebec and Ontario ranches. On the 27th May, Mr. Donald attended an important Department of Agriculture conference in Ottawa, and on the 15th June addressed the Ontario Fur Farmers' Association annual course at Guelph.

R. H. Chesshire journeyed to Aklavik and return in June, travelling part way by the Mackenzie River Transport and the balance by Canadian Airways planes.

H. E. Cooper has travelled extensively to the line posts, and also to Toronto and Montreal in connection with the opening of the new store at Comeau Bay.

The Fur Trade Commissioner has announced the appointment of J. Glass, formerly in charge of Sioux Lookout Post, as Acting Manager of Superior-Huron District.

J. F. Topping has returned from the London Warehouse after two years' training there, and his place on the other side has been taken by Ralph Wilson, of the Edmonton Fur Purchasing Agency.

Miss J. McGregor has been absent since July 6th on sick leave, but we hope to have her back with us again before long.

News of the sinking of the *Fort James* recorded in the Western Arctic notes was received with great regret here, particularly in view of the remarkable voyages which the little vessel had made.

The spectacular hold-up and fur robbery of Fort Nelson Post last summer is thought well on the way to solution with the discovery by an Indian of most of the furs cached within four miles of the post, where they had lain for more than twelve months. When the cache was discovered, the thieves were in process of removing it and thereupon endeavoured to fire the fur bales before fleeing. The police immediately took up the trail of the fugitives and it is hoped arrests will soon be made. The greater part of the fur was recovered, some of it in good shape.

British Columbia District

P. A. Chester, General Manager, Elwyn Ingrams of London, the Fur Trade Commissioner and M. Lubbock visited District Office in May. Other recent visitors were R. H. Chesshire, W. O. Douglas, J. Keith and J. F. Topping.

R. W. Murray of Winnipeg spent two weeks in District Office, and E. J. Leslie temporarily relieved H. L. Woolison, District Accountant, during the latter's leave of absence.

J. Milne left Edmonton on 14th May by 'plane on a visit to Posts in the Athabasca sector, returning four days later, having visited all the Posts in that vicinity now embodied in this District. On 24th May he met W. P. Barratt, of the Retail Stores Department, at Jasper; they journeyed together to Port Simpson, visiting the other Line Posts en route. Mr. Milne returned to Edmonton on 2nd June and left again on the 19th for a further inspection of British Columbia Posts. He proceeded from Prince George by 'plane to Frances Lake, calling at Finlay River points and Liard en route. He then inspected the Cassiar Posts and left Telegraph Creek for Hazelton, Fort St. James, Manson Creek, Tacla, Babine and Old Fort, returning to Edmonton during the latter part of August.

W. G. Crisp inspected Whitewater and Fort Grahame Posts, and later left McLeod's Lake for a fur-grading course and holiday in Vancouver. R. H. Houston of Port Simpson and J. S. Nelson of Kitwanga also received fur grading courses at the Agency during their visits to Vancouver.

J. Gregg, Telegraph Creek, made a quick trip to Wrangell on 17th May for dental attention.

James Ware, Manager of Whitewater Post, had to leave that point during May in order to obtain medical attention; he returned to his Post from Prince George on 5th June. Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Kempple of Fort Grahame were also out at Prince George during the Summer.

Wm. Glennie arrived in Edmonton from McDames Creek early in July, and proceeded to Winnipeg to be married. L. S. McBride was in charge of the Post during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Henry and family left Fort Vermilion and spent their holidays in Newfoundland. R. H. Hancock is relieving at Fort Vermilion.

R. Walker of Hudson's Hope brought Mrs. Walker to town for medical attention early in June.

D. W. J. McMullin was in Edmonton for medical and dental treatment, and left on 26th July to take charge of Sturgeon Lake Post. Apprentice J. Nisbet was also in from Fort St. John for dental treatment. Both received fur-grading instruction at the Agency.

Apprentice Retallack has been transferred from Sturgeon Lake to Hazelton Post, and Geo. Morrison recently left Hazelton for Winnipeg.

Mrs. W. H. Tipton and children returned to Telegraph Creek in June, after several months' vacation in England.

The Right Rev. Bishop Rix, of the Anglican Synod of Caledonia, called at District Office en route to Hudson's Hope during the last week in July.

Freighting to all parts of the District is going along smoothly, loads having been delivered to all Finlay River Posts, to Tacla and Manson Creek, and to Telegraph Creek. Slight flooding was experienced at Telegraph Creek, when the lower warehouse was flooded to a depth of three feet. The road to Dease Lake was blocked owing to slides and a bridge out, but this was soon repaired.

The new weekly air mail service from Edmonton to Whitehorse was inaugurated on 5th July.

Western Arctic District

A. Copland, District Manager, is at present in the north inspecting posts and superintending transport operations. He flew to Aklavik at the beginning of June and has since inspected that post and Tuktuk before taking passage for the eastern section on the *Audrey B* in August. He is expected to return to Winnipeg at the close of navigation.

News has just been received by radio through the R.C.M. Police M.S. *St. Roch* that our distributing vessel *Fort James* was crushed in the ice off Bernard Harbour, north of Coppermine, on August 5th. Captain Summers reported that the *Fort James* and the *St. Roch* were together and both subjected to enormous pressure. The *Fort James* was finally pushed over almost on her beam ends and the keel sheared off. The vessel filled rapidly with water and the crew and Eskimos on board were obliged to disembark immediately with only the clothes they stood in. These included Captain R. J. Summers, L. G. White, William Starkes, J. E. Sidgwick, and Eskimos Joe Illisiak, Cyril Wingnik and family. Welcome assistance was immediately rendered by the *St. Roch* and the shipwrecked crew assisted across the ice to the latter.

The *Fort James* was held up by the ice for several hours, although full of water and liable to sink at any moment. Finally, at 1 a.m. August 6th, she settled down to her final resting place. There was no cargo aboard the ship, as she was only on her way from winter quarters at Reid

Island to Tuktuk to load supplies. There were a few bales of white foxes in the hold but time did not permit removing these.

We are greatly indebted to Sergeants Larsen and Eddy and the crew of the *St. Roch* for their very timely assistance, and R.C.M.P. headquarters have made it possible for the *St. Roch* to transport a load of supplies from Tuktuk to Coppermine in order to obviate difficulties caused by loss of the *Fort James*.

The *Audrey B*, owned by Watson, Purcell & Storr and under charter to the Company, has had better luck and duly reached Tuktuk from Coppermine on August 7th. At date of writing she has completed the voyage to Cambridge Bay, for which great credit is due the owners in view of the difficulties experienced by the other ships.

The sad news has just reached us from Cambridge Bay of the death there by heart failure on August 16th of Mrs. E. J. Gall. The deep sympathy of all members of the staff goes out to Scotty Gall in his great loss. Mrs. Gall was a general favorite wherever she went in the Arctic.

A. G. Eccles called at Winnipeg in July on his return from England. He later flew into Coppermine to join Patsy Klengenberg. Our new apprentice, Karl Larsen, has been assigned to Baillie Island post, while Ralph Jardine and Chas. V. Rowan, post managers returning from furlough, are proceeding to their former posts at Bathurst Inlet and Coppermine.

William Gibson is returning to the District via the *Nascopie* and hopes to reach King William Land by the Northwest Passage. Reserve supplies have also been shipped from Montreal by the *Nascopie* for King William Land, and it is hoped the schooner *Aklavik* will pick them up at Bellot Strait and complete their delivery this season. This will inaugurate an entirely new departure for the Western Arctic and may well be the forerunner of far-reaching changes.

Our posts at Aklavik, Tuktuk and Coppermine were honoured by a visit from His Excellency, the Governor-General, during his northern trip in August. We understand from Mr. Bonnycastle, our former district manager, who accompanied the party, that Lord Tweedsmuir particularly enjoyed his visit to the Arctic Coast, which he said reminded him of some of the Scottish moors at home. His Excellency was also greatly impressed with the number of Aberdeen men in our service whom he met.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

His Excellency, Baron Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, passed through Edmonton in July enroute to Waterways, from which place he commenced a tour through the Northwest Territories, which took him as far as Aklavik. From that place, he returned to Edmonton by air, after visiting many points which were not touched on his journey down the Mackenzie River. From many sources, we learn that His Excellency met with a cordial reception. He met as many as possible of the residents of the Northern Settlements and left with them pleasant memories of a very distinguished gentleman.

His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, Captain J. C. Bowen, visited Fort Smith in July to preside at the launching of the *Radium King*, a craft built in Eastern Canada for the Northern Transportation Company. Mr. Bowen visited our establishment while at Fort Smith and expressed surprise at finding such an up-to-date store so far north. He greatly admired the Post garden, although he arrived a few days too soon to sample Mr. Clark's carrots and peas.

The Right Reverend Bishops Fleming and Breynat were visitors to the office since we last recorded our notes for "The Beaver." Other visitors have been R. H. G. Bonnycastle, R. H. Chesshire, R. W. Murray, J. F. Topping and Doctor Thomas Wood.

The District Manager left Edmonton on 8th June for a trip of inspection, which will take him to most of the Posts in the District. He travelled by steamer to Fort Providence, thence by canoe to Fort McPherson. From that place, he flew back to Fort Resolution to enable him to inspect Great Slave Lake Posts before returning to Edmonton near the end of August. He is now accompanying Captain V. A. Cazalet of London, England, on a tour of the District by plane.

Members of our staff going on furlough have been S. S. Mackie of Arctic Red River and W. S. Carson of Stony Rapids. Mr. Mackie was accompanied by Mrs. Mackie and their young daughter; while Mr. Carson, not wishing to visit Newfoundland alone after so long an absence, was married to Miss Mary Lambert of Fort Vermilion on the evening of his departure. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Carson.

Pensioner A. F. Camsell has left Fort McKay to take up an appointment as Post Master at Fort Resolution.

Records seem to be broken as a matter of daily occurrence now-a-days. We had the driest spell Edmonton and District has ever known in June and July, then the hottest weather recorded here, followed by about eight inches of rain in two days. During the dry spell, disastrous fires occurred between Edmonton and Waterways and seven bridges on the Northern Alberta Railways were destroyed. Rail traffic was delayed for two weeks, with a resultant congestion of freight.

We hope members of our staff who may travel on the Northern Alberta Railways will not criticize the name of the new General Manager's private car. Mr. MacArthur asked us for suggestions. We gave him twenty-seven names associated with the District with a reason for each one having been given, and he selected "Athabasca." After all, it was a good choice and most appropriate.

We welcome to the District Norman MacDonald, who comes to us from Saskatchewan District. Mr. MacDonald will take charge of Rocher River Post.

We also welcome two new apprentices—J. K. Maguire, who after preliminary experience at Fort McMurray, is being transferred to Fort Liard; and George Gardner, who has been placed at Fort Fitzgerald.

The transfers made this summer include: Harry Ambrose, Portage la Loche to Fort McPherson; W. S. Crossley from furlough to Fort Good Hope; J. E. Duncan, Fort McPherson to Wrigley; Louis Roy from Fort Nelson to Arctic Red River; C. H. J. Winter has been transferred from District Office to Nelson River District and proceeded to his destination by R.M.S. *Nascopie*.

H. G. Evans retired from the management of Fort Nelson Post in August, and has returned to England.

We were very sorry to have W. C. Rothnie arrive unexpectedly from Fort McMurray, with Mrs. Rothnie and his four year old son, Ronnie. Mrs. Rothnie was suffering from tonsilitis and Ronnie from an aftermath of quinsy. Both are patients at the Royal Alexandria Hospital and progressing quite favourably.

B. F. Clark of Fort Smith Post is at present in Winnipeg visiting the Depot and taking a course in merchandising and fur grading.

Today's coincidence ("today's" this, that or the other, being popular just now): On the very day J. F. Topping returned to the District, after an absence of over two years, we were asked by the Transport Department at Waterways who were entirely ignorant of his return to Canada what should be done with a trunk which he left in storage there when he was transferred to London.

Mackenzie River Transport

Our previous forecast that this season "Down North" would be the busiest in the history of the Company has been more than justified. Not only has there been a general increase in freight for Traders, Government Departments and Missions but the Mining Companies on Lake Athabasca, Great Slave Lake and Great Bear Lake are shipping in large quantities of equipment. Although transport equipment has been greatly augmented, extreme low water conditions are causing some embarrassment.

At the end of June the S.S. *Northland Echo* which had been laid up since 1930 was put into commission to assist with the increased traffic and has been doing good work between Waterways and Lake Athabasca.

The season was inaugurated on May 12th (Coronation Day) by the sailing of M.S. *Pelly Lake* for Fort Fitzgerald.

Due to low water it was necessary for us to establish a transfer dock at Lehman's five miles below Fort McMurray, above which point it is impossible to navigate with barges loaded to a greater depth than 2′ 6″. All vessels through the system have been kept fully employed during this first half of the season.

K. Y. Spencer left Waterways for a few weeks' holiday on July 19th. We all wish Mr. Spencer speedy recovery of his health after a rest from his strenuous work as Warehouse Foreman.

L. D. Hughes suffered a painful injury to his left hand on July 31st, necessitating a trip by plane to Edmonton for medical attention.

Owing to the dry weather the country has been menaced by forest fires, particularly along the Athabasca River, where navigation has been delayed by smoke. The railway service between Edmonton and Waterways was interrupted in the early part of July by the burning out of seven bridges, which caused disruption in the train service for ten days.

After restoration of the service on the railway both S.S. *Athabasca River* and S.S. *Northland Echo* were pressed into service to move the freight down to Fort Smith to connect with second trip of S.S. *Distributor*.

On Wednesday, July 21st, we were honoured by the visit to Waterways of His Excellency Baron Tweedsmuir, Hon. Alastair Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern, and other members of his staff. The special train conveying the vice-regal party arrived at Waterways at 11 a.m. An hour was spent visiting points of interest at Waterways and at 1.30 p.m. the distin-

guished party left for the Abasand Plant and Fort McMurray. At Fort McMurray the ladies of the local chapter of the I.O.D.E. entertained them at tea, after which His Excellency embarked on S.S. *Athabasca River* accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Redfern and Lieut. S. G. Rivers-Smith, R.N., A.D.C., on a voyage to the Arctic. After the fastest trip on record the S.S. *Distributor* arrived at Aklavik on 1st August. His Excellency and party returned by Royal Canadian Air Force planes to Edmonton.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by Messrs. Ingrams, Lubbock and Trouth, arrived at Waterways May 31st and, after a flying trip which included Fort Chipewyan, Fort Smith and Goldfields, returned to Edmonton by air on June 3rd.

Mr. Chesshire of Fur Trade Commissioner's Office visited us during June, en route south from a hurried trip north.

J. M. MacArthur, newly appointed General Manager of Northern Alberta Railways, visited Waterways July 12th.

The sad news has just reached us by radio from Aklavik of the death from pneumonia of Captain Donald Paterson, known throughout the north as "Dan" Paterson. He was in command of the M.T. *Hearne Lake*, which had just finished delivery Western Arctic freight to Tuktuk. Apparently he caught cold on Wednesday, August 11th, and died on Sunday, August 15th, at Arctic Red River. He will be greatly missed on the river and at home, where he is survived by his widow and children.

Saskatchewan District

Since the last issue of "The Beaver" several new names have appeared on the staff lists of Saskatchewan District, and we take this opportunity of extending a welcome to the following: George Anderson, transferred from Nelson River District and at present in temporary charge of Fort Alexander Post, relieving A. M. Chalmers who is on furlough. A. Harkes, also from Nelson River District and now in charge of Clear Lake Post. R. B. Peat, previously of Revillon Freres Trading Company and now appointed to the charge of Pelican Narrows Post, and Alex. Grey, who is proceeding to Misty Lake, an outpost of Lac du Brochet. Also the following Apprentice Clerks, who completed their elementary training at the new training school and left Winnipeg for the various posts to which they had been assigned for duty: J. D. Hooey to Fort Alexander, W. A. Buhr to Norway House, and J. G. Cruden to Berens River.

In this welcome we also include Mrs. A. Harkes, who was previously with her husband in Nelson River District, and Mrs. R. B. Peat who is a newcomer from Scotland. We trust that both ladies will be quite comfortable in their new surroundings.

William Mitchell and Miss Rhea Vezeau were married at Prince Albert on June 1st and proceeded to Lac La Ronge a few days later. We extend our very best wishes for their future success and happiness.

Staff changes during the last quarter have been numerous and have taken effect as follows: H. A. MacDonald, Isle a la Crosse to Norway House; E. J. McLean, Clear Lake to Isle a la Crosse; E. J. Leslie, Lac La Ronge to Berens River; C. E. Hamilton, Green Lake to God's Lake; W. Gowans, God's Lake to Cedar Lake; N. McDonald, Cedar Lake to Mackenzie-Athabasca District; F. Reid, Pelican Narrows to British Columbia District; J. Lawrie, Pine River to Deer Lake; F. Disbrowe, Deer Lake to Island Lake; W. Davidson, Berens River to Pine River; J. M. S. MacLeod from Cumberland House to the charge of Stanley Post; Apprentice Clerk A. Stewart, Deer Lake to Mackenzie-Athabasca District; Apprentice Clerk R. Roberts, Fort Alexander to Green Lake; Apprentice Clerk J. W. Law, from Souris River to Pine River; Apprentice Clerk R. Rankin, from Norway House to Island Lake; Apprentice Clerks, R. Millard and D. Bullock from Island Lake to Training School, Winnipeg.

G. C. M. Collins, Post Manager of Norway House Post, has been in indifferent health for some time and is proceeding to the Old Country on furlough. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

D. G. Lemon, Clerk at Pine River Post, resigned from the service on June 30th.

W. T. Clarke from God's Lake Post proceeded to Newfoundland on vacation.

J. R. McDonald of Buffalo River Post visited District Office on his way to spend a short furlough at his home in Fairford, Manitoba.

W. R. Henry of Poplar River Post is also on furlough for three months and at the time of writing is motoring in Yellowstone Park.

The District Manager enjoyed a well earned vacation which was mostly spent on the Pacific Coast, and on return to Winnipeg on July 5th immediately proceeded to make arrangements for an extended trip throughout the District. Leaving Winnipeg on July 23rd, on an itinerary embracing Deer Lake, Island Lake, God's Lake, Nueltin, Lac du Brochet, South Reindeer Lake, Pelican Narrows, Stanley, Lac La Ronge and Montreal Lake, he expects to return during the early part of September.

The months of June and July brought their usual quota of forest fires, with South Reindeer Lake and Cumberland House having narrow escapes. No serious damage to the buildings at either post was reported, although both settlements suffered considerable loss.

Four of our posts are having new dwelling houses erected this summer, and at the time of writing Cross Lake and Green Lake both report the work nearing completion, whilst satisfactory progress is reported from Montreal Lake. Freighting of the materials for the house at Beauval was commenced on August 2nd and is a scow proposition from Green Lake via Beaver River.

Recent visitors to District Office include the following: Rev. W. W. Shoup of Cross Lake and Rev. Scoates of Oxford House; Mr. Banghart of Berens River Mines Limited; G. B. Rizer, Big River Fisheries Limited; Pilots Mayson and Campbell of the M. & C. Aviation Company; Ron George of Canadian Airways; and William Cameron of Beaver-Cameron Lumber Company, Meadow Lake.

Nelson River District

Ice conditions in Hudson Bay this summer have been very favourable for transport operations, and although the *Fort Severn* was delayed somewhat by the installation of her new engine, she has made up time consistently and is now running well on schedule. Four voyages have been completed to date, and York Factory, Eskimo Point, Severn and Tavane posts have been visited. The radio transmitter, built, installed and operated by the District Manager, W. E. Brown, is working perfectly, and direct contact is maintained with Churchill. The R.M.S. *Nascopie* while en route from Southampton to Cape Smith picked up one of the *Fort Severn's* messages advising her departure from Severn.

On the return voyage from Tavane to Churchill the M.S. *Fort Severn* took in tow the R.C.M.P. motor boat making the trip from Chesterfield to Churchill, engine trouble, we presume, having put their boat out of commission.

Canadian Airways made a very successful job of handling the Eskimo Point-Padley freighting, all goods having been delivered by 22nd July.

Churchill, on account of lack of wheat for export, is not the hive of industry that it was last year. The harbour made a great display, however, over the week-end of 8th August with H.M.S. *Scarborough*, R.M.S. *Nascopie*, S.S. *Wentworth* and *Jean L.D.*, M.S. *Fort Severn*, the new Roman Catholic Mission M.B. *Therese*, and sundry Government tugs and tenders in port.

Under the leadership of Bishop Turquetil, O.M.I., the Roman Catholic Mission is staging celebrations this summer at Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of their Eskimo Mission, and we would take this opportunity of offering our congratulations on the occasion.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dewdney of Keewatin Diocese, travelling on the *Fort Severn*, visited their Severn Mission in company with Archdeacon Faries.

We wish to extend congratulations to Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Marsh on the occasion of the birth of their son David, and hope that the young man is enjoying life in the Northwest Territories.

By this time a start will have been made to the building of the new Anglican Mission at Tavane, N.W.T.

Dr. and Mrs. Crile and Dr. Quiring, of the Cleveland Clinic Expedition, arrived in Winnipeg on the 30th July, and left shortly afterwards for Churchill to meet the advance member of the Expedition, Mr. Fuller. We trust they will have had a successful stay in the North Country and will be well satisfied with the results of their labours.

W. H. B. Hoare and Dr. Clark visited the office early in June en route for Edmonton. We believe it is their intention to traverse the Thelon River Reserve and join the M.S. *Fort Severn* at Baker Lake in the early Fall.

We would welcome to the District Apprentice John Dixon, who is at present stationed at Churchill Post. He will proceed to Chesterfield Inlet at a later date.

Tom Crawford returned from furlough early in June and proceeded to Churchill where he will spend the summer.

J. E. J. Wilson and W. G. McKinnie arrived in Winnipeg towards the end of June, both on furlough. W. A. Smart reported to District Office and is at present being employed by Winnipeg Depot.

Congratulations are extended to W. J. Harvey and his bride, Miss Josephine Moore, on the occasion of their marriage, which took place at Churchill on 22nd July. Miss Moore is the daughter of T. C. Moore, manager of York Factory post, who is at present out on furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey are now at Caribou Post.

S. A. Keighley, lately of Caribou Post, is at present in Winnipeg and will proceed shortly to Edmonton to report to Mackenzie-Athabasca District for service.

We expect a visit soon from I. W. McCauley, who is due out on furlough from Cat Lake Post.

Superior-Huron District

J. Glass returned to district office on July 26th after having inspected all posts in the district.

The new store at Hudson is completed and business commenced on the 6th August. The present store is now situated on the town side of the railway and is a credit to the thriving frontier town of Hudson.

Wm. Macfarlane and family of Nipigon have proceeded on furlough to the Old Country. Mr. Macfarlane is being relieved by J. E. Holden of Ombabika and C. W. Taylor is in charge of Ombabika.

Wm. Gregory has returned from sick leave and is now stationed at Bucke.

B. G. C. Clench has taken over the charge of Minaki Post from L. Yelland, who has retired.

We welcome to the district the following: Miss Hilda Scouten, who is in charge of the ladies' department in the new store at Hudson; Miss Violet Cockerill and A. E. MacNaughton, who are at Minaki; G. Creighton, who has charge of the meat department at Sioux Lookout; and A. David, who has been transferred to the charge of Missanabie Post from St. Lawrence District. Apprentices W. Black and S. H. Watson, who are stationed at Minaki, and Apprentices Miles and K. Vidler, who are stationed at Temagami.

Recent visitors to district office were Miss Prior and J. G. S. Browett of Sioux Lookout and J. G. Boyd and D. Johnson of Red Lake.

The blueberry season is now in full swing and reports coming to hand indicate that there is a very good crop this year.

It is with regret that we have to record the death at Temagami on 7th August of S. R. Thorpe, Postmanager. Mr. Thorpe is survived by his widow, and three daughters, Miss Lucille, Mrs. W. S. Franklin and Mrs. S. Gowan. We extend our deepest sympathy to them. Mr. Thorpe had been in charge of Temagami since 1922.

James Bay District

The District Manager left on June 19th for his summer inspection of James Bay posts. The Indian Treaty party, with Dr. Tyrer in charge, have duly paid Treaty during the summer at the following points: Pagwa River, English River, Ogoki, Albany, Attawapiskat, and Moose Factory. A very busy freighting season is being experienced at Moosonee. The M.K. *Fort Churchill* and M.S. *Repulse* are operating without a hitch and the tonnage being moved is equal to that of other years. The Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway has inaugurated their summer schedule of a mixed train twice weekly from Cochrane to Moosonee and return.

The Dominion Department of Transport is erecting a radio station and beacon at Pagwa River this summer. On account of the extensive pulpwood developments in the Lake Nipigon sector, we understand there is a possibility of the Indian Department operating a large camp for the cutting of pulpwood, employing Indian labour. The location is not known but Gull Bay has been mentioned.

The Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission have commenced their power development project on Long Lake. The English River is an outlet of Long Lake, and we understand it is the intention to dam this outlet with the object of raising the water level to a height that will allow the water to flow from the south end of the lake to Lake Superior. There are already approximately seventy-five men on the lake and the work is progressing at the present time.

The staff of the new Anglican Mission at Moose Factory was increased by two new members lately, Miss Hockin, nurse, and Mr. Oke, who is to be assistant farmer.

Mr. Burge, of Prospectors' Airways, was a visitor at Rupert's House en route to Nemaska, apparently on a prospecting tour.

According to a Journal of Events received from our Ghost River Post, a sturgeon weighing ninety pounds was caught at this point.

We welcome to the District Apprentices C. C. Foreman and K. Retallack. They have proceeded to Rupert's House and Eastmain Posts respectively. E. MacLeod, of Neoskweskau post, resigned from the Company's service as at June 30th.

H. M. Ross, manager of Grassy Narrows Post, and Mrs. Ross are at present spending a furlough in the Old Country. J. Mathieson, Ogoki Post, is also spending a well-earned holiday visiting his homeland of Scotland.

Mrs. W. R. Cargill, wife of the post manager at Moose Factory, paid a visit to Winnipeg during July. J. S. Blackhall arrived at Moose Factory in the early part of July to take over his duties as Transport Officer from P. J. Soper. Bryce Merrill, who has been stationed at Attawapiskat has been transferred to Moose Factory.

J. S. C. Watt and party paid a visit to Moose Factory in July en route to Agamiski Island with a view to making a survey of the Beaver Sanctuary. J. Hope-Brown was a visitor to Cochrane for dental treatment in July. He has now proceeded to Nemaska to relieve R. Thompson.

The wedding of Miss Frances Fox, of Winnipeg, and J. A. Rogers, of Kapisko, was solemnized on June 28th at Albany. Rev. R. A. Joselyn officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers left for Lake River, where they will reside. We wish them every happiness in their life in the North.

St. Lawrence District

We were pleased to welcome E. Ingrams, manager of the London fur department, who visited Montreal upon his arrival from England. Before returning he visited the Maritime Provinces accompanied by Mr. Lubbock, later sailing on the S.S. *Empress of Britain*.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fred McLeod in the loss of their newly born daughter on July 11th. We were pleased to learn of the complete recovery of Mrs. McLeod. Mr. McLeod also suffered a further loss in the death of his youngest sister Ella at North Bay.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by James Cantley and J. W. Anderson, district manager Ungava District, arrived in Montreal at the beginning of July and later sailed on the R.M.S. *Nascopie*.

W. C. Newbury and R. Jarnet left on the S.S. *Sable I* on May 26th for Natashquan, where the latter will act temporarily as assistant for a few weeks and then proceed to Blanc Sablon in the same capacity.

Good progress is being made on the new store now being built at Baie Comeau, the basement, outside walls and roof having been completed, and the interior work is now being advanced. A. S. Leger of this city has been appointed manager of the new unit, with T. D. Lindley as assistant. We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Leger into the service and extending him our best wishes for the future.

We had the pleasure of a visit from C. E. Joslyn, manager of the Land Department, and also Mrs. Joslyn.

Our best wishes are extended to apprentice P. M. Wright, who was appointed to this district on the 17th July, and is now at Obijuan Post.

H. Lariviere was transferred to the charge of Senneterre Post last July, and was replaced at Mattice by L. Turgeon, who was previously in charge of Missanabie.

H. T. F. Petterson left during the latter part of July for a three months furlough, which he will spend in England. He was accompanied by his wife and son. D. E. Cooter, formerly in charge of Barriere, is now relieving at La Sarre and W. E. C. Tutching is acting as temporary relief at Barriere.

R. M. Duncan of James Bay District spent a few weeks at the Montreal Fur Purchasing Agency for a course in fur grading, returning to his district about the middle of June. J. S. Blackhall, formerly of the Labrador District, also underwent a course of fur grading, and left at the same time as Mr. Duncan for James Bay, where he has been transferred.

H. B. Frankland has been appointed post manager at Seven Islands, replacing T. D. Lindley. H. A. Graham is relieving temporarily at Obijuan.

A. Mercer, of St. John's, Newfoundland, has been placed in charge of St. Augustine Post.

We had a splendid view of the Imperial Airways Transatlantic airplane *Caledonia* when she flew two or three times very low over the McGill street building. One got an extremely good impression of her size and the smoothness of her engines.

J. Thevenet left early in June for North West River, Newfoundland-Labrador, where he will spend a three months furlough visiting his parents.

Captain Victor Cazalet arrived in Montreal on the 13th August from London via St. John's, Newfoundland, and left for the west the following night.

Visitors during the past quarter included Bishop Turquetil, Bishop Breynat, Father Gerard, Garon Pratte, K.C., and Major C. G. Dunn of Quebec City, J. C. Atkins, and H. E. Cooper from Winnipeg, John Mench, New York City, Mrs. G. E. Mack, J. C. Donald, W. McFarlane and W. S. Franklin of Superior-Huron District, W. Chester McLure and Col. McKinnon, Prince Edward Island, A. B. Cumming, Winnipeg Depot, W. Watson Jr., Edmonton and H. E. Briard, formerly of Senneterre.

Labrador District

The *Fort Garry* sailed on her second voyage on June 23rd, and connected with

the R.M.S. *Nascopie* at Hebron, where all Ungava Bay supplies were transferred to the *Fort Garry*. The following took passage by her from St. John's: The District Manager, for an inspection tour of the Northern Labrador posts, Abram Broomfield and James Ford, who are returning to take up duties in Ungava District, and S. E. Dawe, who will relieve J. A. Simpson, Post Manager at Hebron.

The Newfoundland Government has again taken up the Northern Labrador mail service this summer, the Auxiliary Schooner *Winifred Lee* being chartered for this work. In addition to carrying mail, she will also give medical attention to Newfoundland fishermen needing it in the section between Hopedale and Cape Chidley.

Two men named Lane, aged 18 and 21, were drowned while on a hunting trip in the vicinity of Big Bay near Hopedale this spring. They were grandsons of Sam Broomfield of Jack Lanes Bay, well known to Hudson's Bay men who have had any connections with Labrador.

Visitors to the District Office during the quarter included Mr. Lewis Dawe, Planter, of Fishing Ships Harbour, Labrador, Admiral V. Conway of the Royal Navy, Commander Nolan and Officers of the U.S.S. *General Greene*, and also Andrew Grieve and his son of Greenock, Scotland, who were on their way to Kibbikok Bay, Labrador, where they have some timber interests.

James Martin of Cartwright arrived at St. John's in July. He is taking some Labrador dogs to Maine, U.S.A., for breeding purposes.

J. Hays Hammond paid us a visit lately. Mr. Hammond asked us to recommend a mate for his yacht *Odysseus II*, and he engaged Captain Snelgrove, who was in command of the *Fort James* on her voyage from St. John's to the Western Arctic in 1934.

V. W. Elphick and J. Maurice of the London Staff arrived from England in June. Mr. Elphick proceeded to Northern Newfoundland and Labrador by the S.S. *Blue Peter* to supervise work in connection with the fresh salmon collection.

Mrs. John Payne passed through St. John's in early July en route to Scotland.

Employees from other Districts calling at St. John's office recently were: Jacques Thevenet and L. O. Bastow, who are here on vacation, the former sailing for North West River on July 16th to visit his parents.

The M.Y. *Fort Amadjuak* formerly the *Jacques Revillon* in charge of Captain C. Barbour sailed from St. John's on July 3rd to meet the *Nascopie* at Hebron. The Fur Trade Commissioner transferred to the *Fort Amadjuak* at Hebron for an inspection trip of Labrador posts, returning to St. John's at the beginning of August.

Ungava District

The Hudson's Bay Company's R.M.S. *Nascopie*, Captain T. F. Smellie, Master, sailed from Shed 46, Montreal Wharf, promptly at 10 a.m. D.S.T. 10th July, 1937, for the annual voyage. On board were Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, going as far as Hebron, J. W. Anderson, newly appointed manager of Ungava District, J. Cantley, of F.T.C.O. and C. H. J. Winter, district accountant. Members of the District staff returning from furlough were J. Bell for Lake Harbour; W. G. Calder for Leaf River; A. B. Fraser for Port Harrison; F. Melton for Povungnetuk; Chesley Russell for Cape Dorset; W. E. Swaffield, Jr., for Payne Bay, and Gordon Webster for Cape Smith. J. A. Ford and A. Broomfield sailed in the *Fort Garry* from Newfoundland to Hebron where they joined the *Nascopie;* the former to take charge of Georges River and the latter to be stationed at Cape Smith. Apprentices Ahlbaum and Figgures, recent graduates from the Winnipeg Training School, sailed north this summer, the former for Arctic Bay and the latter for Cape Dorset. M. G. Ahlbaum will be radio operator at Arctic Bay and for meteorological work he took a short course at the Meteorological Station at St. Hubert Airport, Montreal. F. Melton was accompanied by Mrs. Melton and the other ladies of the official family were Mesdames Fraser and Webster who are the 1937 brides for the Arctic. Rev. A. Turner and Mrs. Turner, with their infant daughter, were passengers to Port Harrison. We enjoyed Sunday services in the saloon while Mr. Turner was on board and he also ministered to the natives met at the various ports of call. W. Gibson, of Western Arctic District, was also in the official family, en route for Fort Ross and King William Land.

Major D. L. McKeand, as usual, headed the Government's Eastern Arctic Patrol, while Superintendent J. F. Fletcher was in charge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police personnel, consisting of ten N.C.O.'s and men.

The Fur Trade Commissioner entertained at dinner in the Queen's Hotel before sailing the members of the Ungava District staff returning to the north and the staff of 100 McGill Street, Montreal. Included with the guests were Captain T. F. Smellie, W. E. Swaffield, Sr., and Fred Gaudet.

Hebron Harbour was reached shortly after noon on the 16th July, the H.B.M.S. *Fort Garry* and the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* of Gloucester, Massachusetts, were in port ahead of us. The latter vessel is in charge of Commander Donald B. MacMillan and is on exploratory and scientific work as far as Frobisher Bay. We received a grand welcome from the Hebron Eskimo Band under the charge of the Rev. George Harp of the local Moravian Mission. In a motor boat, the band circled the *Nascopie* from time to time as she slowly entered the harbour, and we were indeed given a royal serenade. Later in the afternoon, as part of the experimental short-wave work of the Eastern Arctic Expedition under J. F. Willis, the Hebron Eskimo band gave a broadcast performance to Ottawa when the Reverend George Harp and others spoke briefly over the air. Cargo was discharged at Hebron on the afternoon of the 16th July and the morning of the 17th and that afternoon the *Nascopie* weighed anchor again. Unfortunately the weather was too dull for photography but it was a pretty sight to see the various vessels put to sea from Hebron. First the trim *Fort Amadjuak* with the Fur Trade Commissioner at the wheel; next the *Fort Garry* under the command of Captain Dawe and bound for Port Burwell; then the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* bound for Frobisher Bay and lastly the R.M.S. *Nascopie*.

Through heavy ice Port Burwell was reached on the 18th July where the M.B. *Koksoak* from Fort Chimo was awaiting us. Here we met L. Coates of Port Burwell; F. Hynes from Georges River; W. A. Smith from Fort Chimo; E. E. Crompton from Leaf River; N. McKenzie and N. Adams from Payne Bay. Thus we met all the Ungava Bay staff with the exception of Post Manager C. N. Stephen of Fort McKenzie and his assistant G. Hambling, also Apprentice J. W. Bruce who was left in charge of Fort Chimo. Mr. W. A. Smith was accompanied to Port Burwell by Mrs. Smith and their daughter. A very interesting ceremony took place on board the R.M.S. *Nascopie* at Port Burwell when the Rev. R. W. Wenham and Miss Taylor were joined in matrimony by the Rev. A. Turner; Miss Taylor having sailed from Montreal in the *Nascopie* to meet the bridegroom. The Reverend and Mrs. Wenham will make their home at Fort Chimo. Constable Staples, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment under the Command of Superintendent Fletcher, remained on shore at Port Burwell and plans to accompany the *Fort Garry* on a patrol of the Ungava Bay posts, returning to Port Burwell to connect with the *Nascopie* for Halifax in September.

Lake Harbour was reached early on the 31st July and, with the good weather enjoyed for discharging, we cleared again at 4 p.m. on the 22nd. Eskimo sports were held at Lake Harbour, presided over by Captain Smellie and greatly enjoyed by all. We had visits from the Reverend G. L. Neilson and members of the R.C.M.P. Lake Harbour detachment. Constable J. FitzRandolph was left on shore to join the Lake Harbour detachment under Constable Turner, while Corporal McBeth, we understand, will join the *Nascopie* for furlough on her outward voyage. C. H. Ney, Geodesist of the Eastern Arctic Patrol, with his assistant J. K. Gladstone, went ashore at Lake Harbour where he will operate along the South Baffin Land coast in the *Nannuk*, finishing the season at Cape Dorset where he will join the *N. B. McLean* for the voyage home. H. M. Rodgers, Ichthyologist of the Eastern Arctic Expedition, also remained at Lake Harbour to pursue his scientific work. Port Manager J. Bell, with P. A. C. Nichols as assistant, takes charge of Lake Harbour Post for the winter but due to ice conditions Post Manager J. G. Cormack was unable to connect with the *Nascopie*. However we subsequently heard from him by means of C. H. Ney's short wave radio set on the *Nannuk*, with news to the effect that the Frobisher Bay cargo was safely delivered and all well.

On the afternoon of the 23rd July anchor was dropped at Stupart's Bay and we had happy tidings of the arrival of Thomas Edward David on the 25th June 1937 to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Carmichael. Mr. Carmichael is indeed a very proud father and the "Young Fur Trader" was duly admired by all the *Nascopie* passengers. We had visits from Fathers Fafard and Carter of the Catholic Mission and also met S. C. Knapp of Diana Bay who had a very good display of oil paintings on view for the passengers. Post Manager D. A. Wilderspin, late of Lake Harbour, left the *Nascopie* at Stupart's Bay and, in company with S. C. Knapp, sailed east for Diana Bay. T. Palliser remains at Stupart's Bay as post servant for Post Manager T. C. Carmichael.

We arrived at Sugluk Post early in the 24th and sailed again late that evening for Dorset. Post Manager E. B. Maurice

came on board, en route for Southampton Island, while Abraham Broomfield was left temporarily in charge of Sugluk until the arrival of L. F. A. Hodgson.

The *Nascopie* arrived at Cape Dorset Post on the 25th July and sailed for Wolstenholme on the 26th. Chesley Russel, returning from furlough, went ashore to take charge in succession to O. M. Demment who proceeds to Winnipeg. Apprentice H. B. Figgures takes up duty at Cape Dorset while Apprentice I. C. M. Smith joined the supply ship for transfer to Wolstenholme Post under A. T. Swaffield. While at Dorset, Chief Radio Operator Horner, assisted by Ship's Carpenter Clem James, erected the Company's radio station CZ4T of which C. Russell will be operator.

At Wolstenholme Apprentice N. M. Roberts had to leave on very short notice on board the *N. B. McLean*. This vessel was in port waiting to pass over to us two riggers for the new Department of Transport Radio Station at Port Harrison and was leaving for Resolution Island soon after our arrival and thence to Cape Hope's Advance where Mr. Roberts disembarked for Diana Bay Post. Apprentice M. G. Ahlbaum remained at Wolstenholme Post to assist Post Manager A. T. Swaffield and will rejoin the *Nascopie* for Arctic Bay on her return from Churchill.

Corporal Bolstad, in charge of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Port Harrison, was waiting at Wolstenholme to meet Superintendent Fletcher and had with him two Eskimo prisoners. He brought us sad news of the death of Constable Boorman at Port Harrison on the 26th May last, the fatality being due to the accidental discharge of a rifle.

R.M.S. *Nascopie* cleared Wolstenholme on the afternoon of the 27th July and arrived at Southampton Island Post on the afternoon of the following day. Here we took on board Post Manager S. G. Ford and family who go out on furlough via Churchill, and Apprentice L. F. A. Hodgson who takes charge of Sugluk Post for the winter. Post Manager E. B. Maurice, late of Sugluk Post, was left in charge at Southampton Island. Anchor was dropped at Cape Smith Post early on the 30th July and we left at midnight that evening with a strong south breeze blowing up. Mr. and Mrs. Webster left us at Cape Smith, also L. F. A. Hodgson who will assist Mr. Webster temporarily and then proceed by native boat to Wolstenholme, thence to Sugluk. Post Manager D. Goodyear joined us at Cape Smith and makes the round trip to Halifax. Radio Station CZ4Y was erected at Cape Smith, Post Manager Gordon Webster operator.

We dropped anchor at Port Harrison early on August 1st and parted company with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser for Port Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Melton for Povungnetuk. Reverend A. and Mrs. Turner also left us to take up residence at the Anglican Mission. Constable Weston, with Constable Watkins as assistant, takes charge of the Post Harrison detachment while Corporal Bolstad accompanies the *Nascopie* to Halifax. A. F. Crowell went ashore to take charge of the Department of Transport Radio station at Port Harrison while J. H. T. Arial with two assistants will remain for the erection of the station and will fly out early in September. Post Manager A. Smith and M. L. Manning, late of Port Harrison and Povungnetuk respectively, joined the *Nascopie*, while Apprentice B. D. Campbell remains for the winter as assistant to A. B. Fraser. W. J. Ford, also of Port Harrison, transfers to Povungnetuk as assistant to F. Melton. Ideal weather conditions were enjoyed for the landing of cargo and other activities, which "other activities" included a picnic and Eskimo sports for the passengers presided over by Captain Smellie. We left Port Harrison 7.30 a.m. on the 5th August and tied up at Churchill shortly after noon on the 7th where this report is sent to press. The voyage has been very successful thus far with almost ideal weather conditions and just sufficient ice to make the voyage interesting and "Arctic like."

A new departure in Northern communication has been inaugurated in the Ungava District this summer in the installation of four Private Commercial Radio Stations operated by the Company under licence from the Department of Transport. CZ5R at Leaf River with Post Manager W. G. Calder as operator; CZ4Y at Cape Smith with Post Manager Gordon Webster as operator; CZ4T at Cape Dorset with Post Manager Chesley Russell as operator; and CZ5H at Arctic Bay with Apprentice M. B. Ahlbaum as operator. All stations are under licence from the Department of Transport and will operate through the Government radio station at Nottingham Island. The Company's radio operators all received a course of instruction in Montreal under Chief Radio Operator Horner of the R.M.S. *Nascopie*. Before arrival at Churchill communication was already established with the stations at Cape Dorset and Cape Smith and this augurs well for the success of the experiment.

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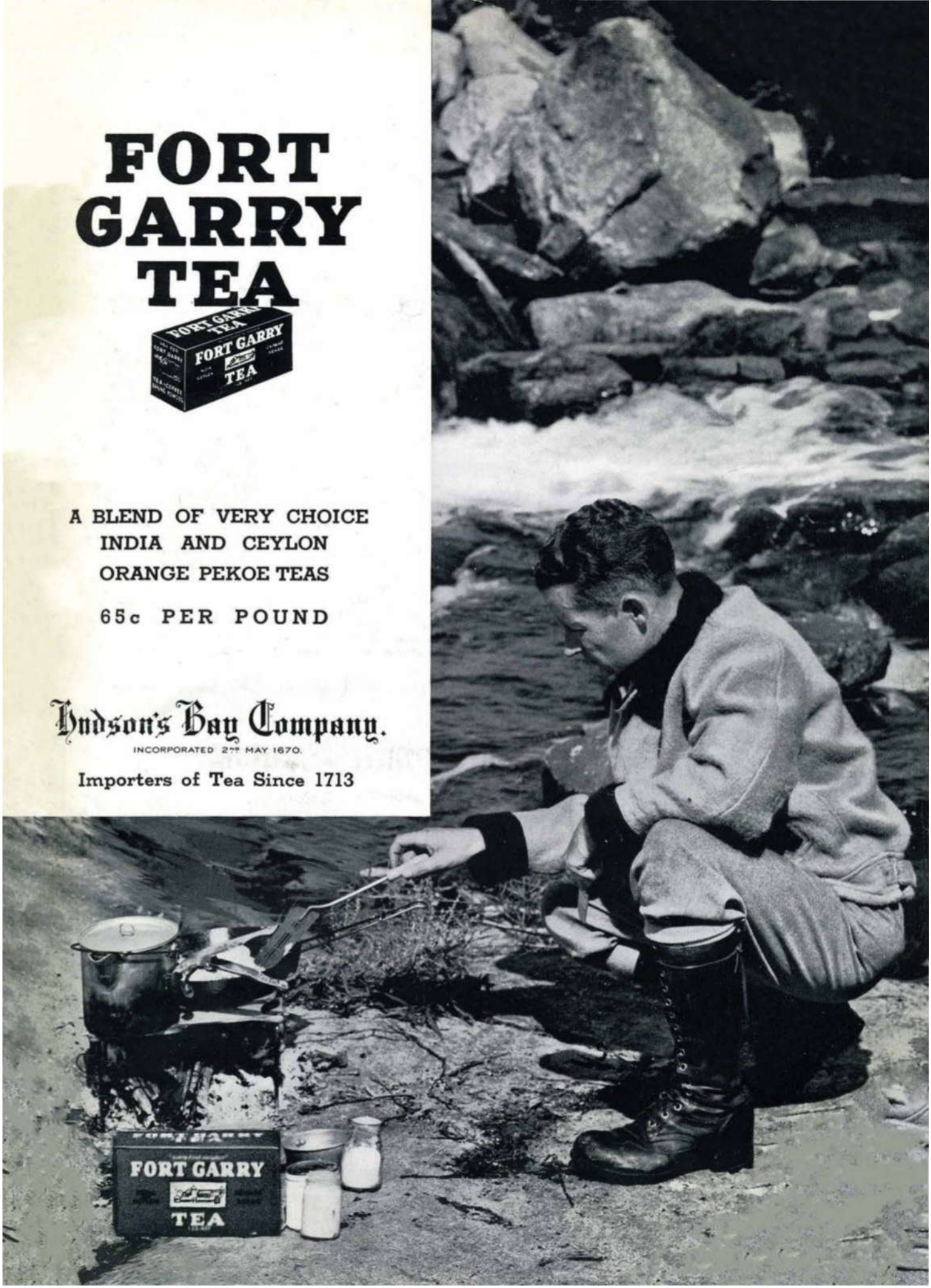

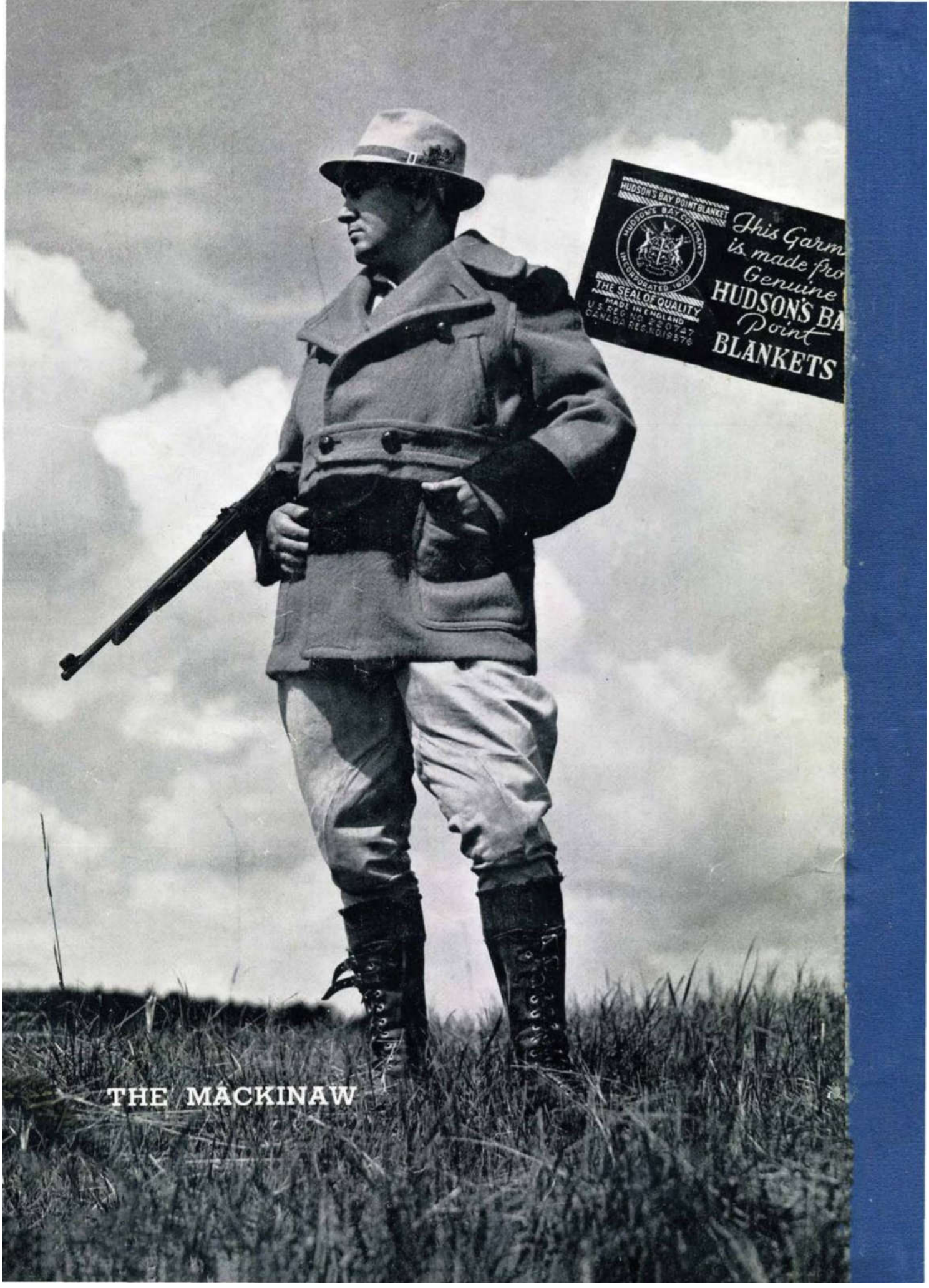

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